

# AMERICA

## A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—The country was shocked by the two recent disasters, in the air and under the sea. On December 17, the submarine S-4 was rammed by the Coast

### Disasters

Guard destroyer Paulding and immediately sank to the bottom. Divers discovered that six men were alive in the forward compartment. First efforts to bring air to them failed; later, when an air-line was put in, the six were dead. The operation then became merely a salvage one. Up to the time of going to press, the S-4 had not been raised. Following this disaster, a storm of indignation swept the country, directed at first against the Navy itself, but finally centering on the person of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. Forty officers and men lost their lives in the accident.—The airplane Dawn, carrying Mrs. Frances W. Grayson and three companions, left New York, December 23, in the evening and was not seen again. Vague radio messages seemed to indicate, three days later, that they were still alive. The dirigible Los Angeles, several airplanes and two destroyers searched the waters off the Nova Scotia coast, but no sign was discovered of the missing plane. This

added another to the long list of air catastrophes since Lindbergh flew alone to Paris.

An important appointment was made on December 27, when J. P. Morgan was elected Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation. James A. Farrell, President of the company, became Chief Executive officer, and Myron C. Taylor Chairman of the Finance Committee. These elections represented a drastic change in management policy and were brought about as a result of the death of Elbert H. Gary. The rumor persisted that Mr. Morgan was holding the place open until the retirement from the Presidency of Mr. Coolidge, who would then replace him.

**Argentina.**—On Christmas Eve the Buenos Aires Branch of the National City Bank of New York and the Argentine Branch of the First National Bank of Boston were bombed within a few minutes of each other, with heavy damage in both places. In the former nineteen were hurt, one of whom died later. Subsequently upwards of seventy arrests were made but the instigators of the plot were not discovered. The police attributed the blasts to the work of Reds, partisans of Sacco seeking revenge for his execution last summer in Boston. The banks had been constantly under guard since the earlier Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations but recently vigilance was relaxed as tension over the executions in Boston appeared to die down.

**Austria.**—An important victory for democracy was scored in the election of Frau Olga Rudel-Zeynek to the Presidency of the upper house of Parliament. She is the first woman ever to preside over a legislative body in Austria and, it is understood, in all Europe. Frau Rudel-Zeynek is a member of the Christian Social Party, a former school teacher and a pioneer in the field of women's activities. Chancellor Seipel, with the approval of his party, showed this honor to Frau Rudel-Zeynek as a reward for her services and an acknowledgment of the position of women in Austria today.—Radio service between Austria and Turkey was opened during the last week of December. When wireless communications are established with Switzerland and Hungary, Austria will be the only European nation in touch by this method with every other European country.—Trade figures for

the first nine months of 1927 showed imports amounting to 1,000,000 and exports to 1,408,000 *schillings*. The drop in coal prices halted the work on the electrification of railroads.

**Canada.**—An outspoken condemnation of the visit to Mexico of Sir Henry Thornton, head of the Canadian National Railways, was delivered by Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario, in an open letter which he addressed to Premier Mackenzie King. Bishop Fallon's letter, as published in the *Montreal Star* on December 15, was issued after the return of Sir Henry whose ostensible purpose was that of suggesting means for the betterment of the Mexican railway system. Bishop Fallon finds a greater significance in the loan of a Canadian State official and demands of the Premier why he has "besmirched the honor of Canada and subjected my native land to the most disgraceful, indecent, and indefensible episode in its whole history." The Mexican Minister to Canada took upon himself to answer the letter, and Mr. King excused his Government from any official participation in the visit. His communication, however, drew from Bishop Fallon a further charge that "when Sir Henry Thornton was permitted to carry aid to the robbers and murderers who now constitute the Government of the Republic of Mexico, he involved the honor of Canada," and that in permitting this visit "the Canadian Government was guilty of an affront to about forty per cent of our population."

**China.**—Communist executions continued at Hankow. There were also reports of military disorders in southern Shantung. Press dispatches from Tientsin announced that the most spectacular fire in the history of the city occurred on Christmas eve when the \$25,000,000 plant of the Standard Oil Company of New York was nearly destroyed. Only the prompt joint action of the Chinese, British, French and Italian fire brigades, along with the United States marines, prevented serious damage. An appeal was sent out from Peking for the famine sufferers in Shantung and Chihli where a total of 9,000,000 people were said to be suffering and starving. A dispatch from Shanghai stated that another group of non-Catholic foreign mission institutions, the English Baptists, had joined the recently organized Church of Christ in China. An Associated Press item from Hongkong noted that ten Italian and Chinese priests and nuns, held captives by Communists for nearly a week near Swabue, for preaching and practising Christianity, were rescued by the British destroyer *Seraph*. The party had given up all hope of delivery, one of the priests having already been condemned to death. The mission buildings, convent and orphanage had been sacked. European priests give terrible accounts of cruelties and executions witnessed daily from the prison windows. On Christmas morning nine men and four women were executed, some for assisting the Sisters and priests. Refugees com-

puted that the executions which extended to all the big villages in which the Soviet organization was complete, averaged during the last two months 150 daily, and were usually by decapitation, accompanied by revolting cruelties, the heads of the victims being hung on the walls.

**Czechoslovakia.**—The budget for 1928, recently discussed in Parliament, showed a small surplus; but with its little more than 9,500,000,000 crowns of expenditure it was considered still too heavy a burden. The general economic situation was good and promising at the close of the year 1927. Czechoslovakia now possesses a commercial treaty with every country in Europe.

In Carpathian Ruthenia, the easternmost corner of the Republic, where according to newspaper reports a Bishop of the Orthodox Church was elected in the person of the Archimandrite O. Stefan, some seventeen Uniate churches were still in the hands of Orthodox usurpers and the Catholics were still waiting in vain for their restitution by the Administration which rather continued to tolerate and favor Orthodox agitation and vexation.

In the debate on the budget estimates for 1928 the Catholics again complained of the treatment of Catholic children in the schools where teachers and textbooks approved by the Board of Education vied with each other in attacking and ridiculing the Catholic religion. Administration warnings that the religious feelings of pupils should be respected had little effect. A year ago Minister of Education Hodza promised a revision of the approved textbooks, very many of which are crudely anti-Catholic, but so far nothing had been done. He rejected the Catholic demand for State-supported denominational schools instead of the present interdenominational system. The Catholic school children still continued to be commanded to take part in celebrations which were exploited against the Catholic Church.

During the discussion in the Budget Committee two members of the German Opposition, Dr. Rosche, leader of the Nationalists, and Mr. Knirsch, leader of the German National Socialists, declared that they were not against participation in the Government. This was a noticeable change from the irreconcilable opposition of these two groups up to a year or so ago, and was looked upon as recognition that the welfare of the German minority is bound up with that of the Czechoslovakian State. Statistics furnished by the Ministry of Education show that—apart from elementary schools which are provided everywhere—out of a total expenditure of 180,400,000 crowns on secondary schools, 59,600,000 were being spent on German schools of that category. This represented 28 per cent of the total estimate, although the Germans comprised but 23.3 per cent of the population. For the German teachers' training colleges that share of expenditure was 23 per cent, for the German University 25.8 per cent, for the German Polytechnical Universities as much

The Mexican  
Policy

Budget for  
1928

Carpathian  
Ruthenia

The School  
Question

The German  
Minority



as thirty-six per cent of the expenditure in those respective categories.

**France.**—After a whole night's strenuous effort President Poincaré on December 24, secured the final adoption of a balanced budget. By staking the life of the Government on the issue in a vote of confidence, he finally settled the all-night deadlock between the Chamber and the Senate a little before six in the morning and then read a decree closing the two houses until January 10. Six times the Chamber returned the budget to the Senate with amendments which the latter as often rejected. The points in dispute were all small in themselves but they made the difference between a big and little balance. The result of the wrangle was that the new year's budget started in excellent shape. It was estimated that the revenue would be 42,496,616,000 francs and expenditures 42,441,457,000 francs, with some hundreds in each case, leaving a balance of 55,158,916 francs.

**Germany.**—Christmas day witnessed a unique celebration in the history of the Republic, when Chancellor Marx scored 1,002 days of service as responsible head of the Government. His second term of 587 days is of itself a record over his predecessors: Dr. Wirth, 559 days; Dr. Luther, 479; Herr Fehrenbach, 324; Herr Bauer, 280, Dr. Cuno, 265, Herr Scheidemann, 130; Dr. Stresemann, 111 and Herman Müller, 86. Chancellor Marx's first term began on Nov. 30, 1923 and comprised 413 days.—Professor Ernesto Quesada of the University of Buenos Aires donated his library of 80,000 volumes to Prussia.

**Great Britain.**—A forward step in the adequate settlement of the labor problem of Great Britain was achieved by the agreement reported to have been reached between the most important group of British employers and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, for the holding of a conference for the discussion of industrial cooperation between labor and capital. The invitation to the conference was made to the Trades Union Council by Sir Alfred Mond on behalf of the employers. Its acceptance by the Labor leaders has occasioned enthusiastic comments in the press and has aroused intense interest on the part of both labor and capital engaged in industry and commerce. The first of a series of conferences has been scheduled for the latter part of this month.

**India.**—The denunciations, which first greeted the announcement of the creation of a British Statutory Commission to inquire into the present state of Home Rule in India and to draw up proposals for the future government in India, have solidified into a wide-spread opposition. The Commission, as appointed, does not include any Indian representatives but is composed wholly of members

of the three British Parliamentary parties. According to its constitution, it is to receive reports from the various Indian bodies and to obtain the cooperation of the Indian legislatures. This Statutory Commission is altogether different from the scheme proposed by the India Office. Mr. V. J. Patel, President of the Legislative Assembly, stated that he had reversed his decision to resign his position, but that he continued unfavorable to the Commission. His contention is that relations between Great Britain and India can be settled only by a recognition of India's right to a Dominion status and an equal conference of representatives between the two countries. The Indian National Congress unanimously adopted a resolution to boycott the Commission in its work and declared that the complete independence of India was its goal. The *Week*, of Calcutta, has advocated allowing the Commission to carry through its program and has pointed out several favorable aspects of the matter. Other Indian Societies are reserving action until the coming of the Commissioners in the early part of February.

**Ireland.**—Taking advantage of the recess in the Dail sessions, Mr. De Valera came for a visit to the United States in the latter part of December, and Mr. Cosgrave will arrive in the middle of January. These visits are not to be marked by any public celebrations. The main purpose of Mr. De Valera is that of seeking means for the establishment of a daily newspaper to be published in Dublin that will be representative of the Irish national aspirations. Though this newspaper is not to be a strictly Fianna Fail organ, it will be Republican in policy and will be in opposition to the present Dublin dailies which have been condemned so often for pro-British tendencies. According to the *Cork Examiner*, the capital of the new venture is fixed at £200,000, three-fourths of which Mr. De Valera expects to raise in the United States from the re-application of the funds returned to the bondholders of the Irish Republican loan. The project has received the backing of prominent business men in Dublin and Cork.—No political reasons have been announced for the visit of President Cosgrave. In view of the flotation of the new national loan in New York, however, his arrival at this time is significant. Accompanying him in his tour of the principal cities are Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for Defense, Diarmuid O'Hegarty, Secretary of the Executive Council, and others.

**Italy.**—The holiday season was disturbed by an earthquake shock on December 25, in the middle of the afternoon, of considerable intensity. The center of the disturbance was about twenty miles from Rome where some houses collapsed and several injuries were reported. In Rome itself the damage was insignificant and the panic was limited to a few restricted zones, notably at a local football field where some 20,000 fans made a simultaneous rush from the grandstands for the narrow exits.

**Christmas  
Earthquake**

**Budget  
Approved**

**Chancellor's  
Record Term**

**Opposition to  
the Commission**

**Leaders Visit  
United States**

**Industrial  
Conference**

**Japan.**—On December 26, Emperor Hirohito opened the national Diet with the customary formal speech. The next day a bill was passed providing for the coronation expenses and then the session adjourned until January 18. It is anticipated that when it reconvenes at that time a Government crisis may be expected as neither the Government nor the Opposition commands an absolute majority. The interim, however, will be employed maneuvering for the support of neutral members.

**Mexico.**—As a result of the efforts of Ambassador Morrow, American relations with Mexico seemed to improve. The first step was taken by Calles, who caused to be passed by Congress a new law in which, it was asserted, the retroactive features of the former oil law were eliminated. The Congress somewhat amended the law as it came from the President by adding a minatory clause entailing confiscation for companies which refused to abide by it. At this writing it was not clear that the law would be satisfactory to the companies involved. At the same time, the American Government raised its embargo on airplanes, and the President let it be known that he saw no reason why shipments of arms already bought should not be allowed into Mexico. Further shipments, however, will still be subject to scrutiny and approval of the State Department. Another law was announced on December 28, according to which the rigid agrarian policy, by which so many American holdings have been confiscated, would be made more lenient.

The true inwardness of Ambassador Morrow's policy became clear upon the news that Mexico was shortly to attempt a new financial agreement with the international committee representing foreign bondholders, to the extent of \$700,000,000.

It was likewise rumored that part of Calles' difficulties would be alleviated by the sale to a Canadian syndicate of the national railways, following upon the recent visit of Sir Henry Thornton to Mexico. Mexico must pay this year \$59,000,000 on the service of the debt, and according to the budget recently submitted by the President it will hardly be able to pay one-tenth of this sum. The credit of the Mexican Government, which was very low, began to rise as a result of the new diplomacy. Observers declared that the only way by which the United States could save Calles, as it seemed determined to do, would be by forcing from him legislation allowing unlimited oil production and therefore larger revenue, or if this failed, forcing the bondholders to agree to a new arrangement by which they would receive even less than before and would again forego the unpaid interest of many years back. Meanwhile, in Mexico the religious persecution continued unabated and there was no sign that the interests involved in a new deal with Mexico would consider religious matters.

**Rome.**—The traditional Christmas greeting of the Sacred College of Cardinals was extended to the Holy

Father. Twenty-five Cardinals attended, among them the new Canadian Cardinal, Archbishop Rouleau. As Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Vannutelli, who, despite his ninety-two years, is still vigorous and alert, delivered an address recalling the work of the Holy See throughout the world during 1927 and expressing the hope that the Holy Father might be preserved for many years to come. In reply, His Holiness reviewed the joys and sorrows that had come to the Vatican during the year. Special reference was made to the persecution of the Church in Mexico, Russia and China which he characterized as "savage and barbarous episodes unequalled in cruelty and atrocities hardly believable." He expressed wonder that civilized governments did not end them.

The Pontiff mentioned with pleasure the celebrations in honor of the Sacred Heart in Bolivia and Peru, the creation of the first native Japanese Bishop, the enthusiasm manifested in Sydney over the coming Eucharistic Congress, the success of local Eucharistic Congresses in Italy, Germany and France, and the inauguration of the missionary exposition. He protested against the imputation of political motives to him in banning *l'Action Française* and regretted the persistence of the French monarchists in continuing to repeat what he characterized as absurdities. At the same time he noted he was much consoled and rejoiced at the manifestation of loyalty on the part of French Catholics.

**Russia.**—According to the Moscow newspaper *Pravda*, the Metropolitan Sergius was given little if any recognition or privileges in return for his declaration of loyalty made last year to the Soviet Government, in conjunction with which declaration he denounced the refugee Synod of Karlovtsi. He was described as living under the continual espionage of the GPU, unable to convoke the Synod or to report to it on the condition of his church. He was burdened with a three-fold problem: that of the Orthodox Russians in foreign parts; of the Bishops and priests in exile or imprisonment; and the question of the convocation of an All-Russian Synod. Whatever views he might express were entirely on his own private responsibility, since the Soviets, despite his loyalty, refused to acknowledge the Orthodox Church as a juridical corporation.

The next article in G. K. Chesterton's series of "What They Don't Know" will be entitled "Where They Are Going."

"Catholic Women and Social Service," by Sara Kountz Diethelm, will be welcomed by many readers.

"The Apostolate of the Cops" will be F. Edgerton Barrett's story of a new venture in Philadelphia.



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WILFRID PARSONS  
Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY      FRANCIS X. TALBOT      WILLIAM I. LONERGAN  
JOHN LAFARGE      CHARLES I. DOYLE      JAMES A. GREELEY

Associate Editors

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

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### The Government and the Worker

A REMEDY for the perennial war in the bituminous coal fields has been suggested by Mr. Philip Murray, vice-president of the United Mine Workers. Mr. Murray calls for a free organization representing the miners to confer with an equally authoritative organization of the owners. From these two groups a continuing joint conference is to be selected, charged to find and maintain an equitable policy of stabilization. At the outset, the principle that the worker has a right to a wage sufficient to support him and his family, is to be recognized as of equal validity with the principle that the owner is rightfully entitled to a fair return on his property.

As the Social Action Department of the N. C. W. C. points out, this plan includes "several features advocated as fundamental in Catholic social teaching and leaves out others." Since it affirms the right of the worker to form a union for the protection of his interests and affirms with the same force all rights of the owner, it is neither "Socialistic" nor "capitalistic," but wholly in keeping with the principles of the natural and Divine law. It errs by defect, however, in omitting the recommendations contained in the Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy and the Bishops' Program. These important reforms look to the gradual establishment of "cooperative production and co-partnership arrangements as means of attaining ownership in part by the majority of persons at work in an industry."

It may be that Mr. Murray omitted partial ownership according to the mind of the Bishops, not because he did not agree with it, but because he felt that at present, when labor has lost so much that was gained before the war, it was hopeless to include it. So far are we from the very elements of social justice that the culmination of justice is as distant as the misty towers of Carcassonne. Some degree of intervention may be found necessary for its attainment. At the present time, as the Social Department correctly observes, "the Government's chief

function is to prevent unionism through injunctions and through armed guards, or the permission to the operators to hire private police."

The prospect of State intervention we do not relish. Still, the State is bound to protect the weaker members of society. If the ills which oppress labor cannot be eliminated by conferences between the owners and the workers, the State has not only the right but the duty to intervene, to the end that justice may be secured for all.

### What Is Mr. Morrow Trying to Do?

ON December 27, a group of twenty-eight young men arrived in New York from the South, and the next day took ship for Europe. Their passage through the metropolis attracted little attention from the curious, and none at all from the press. They were merely twenty-eight youths who wish to devote their lives to the service of the Saviour, and are not allowed to prepare for a lifetime of self-sacrifice in their native land. They were merely twenty-eight aspirants to the priesthood and they came from Mexico.

The day of their arrival the press broke out in a burst of optimism over the dawn of a new era in Mexico. The President of that country had sent a bill to the lower House of Congress "settling the oil question," and the obedient legislators passed all three readings in one day, and sent the bill on to the Senate, which did not allow itself to be outdone in speed.

The same day, it was announced that the American embargo on airplanes was off, and that arms already bought might be imported into Mexico, by the Government of course.

All this looked favorable for a happy meeting at Havana this month, when our President in person will announce the new Coolidge Doctrine, to replace that hateful old Monroe Doctrine.

Meanwhile, the real crux of the Mexican question was being quietly discussed on the financial pages.

While Lindbergh and Will Rogers had been sharing the front-page limelight with Calles and Morrow, it was allowed to seep through in small doses that Mexico did not expect to be able to pay the interest on her debts next year. Last June she was \$2,500,000 behind in her payments, and made up the deficit through a credit advanced by a friendly American banker. Then it was triumphantly announced that Mexico had met her obligations to the penny. Now she expects to default, and says so.

What has happened? Why, in 1928 Mexico must pay about \$59,000,000 in interest, amortization, back interest and interest on that. She is going to ask her creditors to let her off some of it, for she will not be able to pay it or half of it. The long-deferred hopes of owners of Mexican bonds are due for another postponement; a Montes de Oca-Morrow agreement will replace the old Pani-Lamont accord and bondholders will get less than ever, unless Mr. Morrow can persuade Calles to allow unlimited production of oil, for it is from the taxes on oil that the bondholders are paid. That is the reason why

the oil question, to those who know, was never anything but a corollary to the important question, the financial one.

Does this throw any light on the curious doings in Mexico these past four weeks? The Ambassador of a powerful Government, which has suffered the deepest wrongs in life and property of its citizens, unblushingly, in the face of all the wondering world, sues humbly for the favor of the Government which has wronged his own. A professional laugh-maker, a stage clown, is called in to make the dour ruler of Mexico smile. A world-hero, a boy who probably did not know what it was all about, was brought in to make the populace gape. (It is true that the Ambassador is a former banker; that the clown is reputed to be a large holder in oil and that the hero was an employe of the Guggenheim interests.)

It was, however, a little hard to understand this new diplomacy, in spite of its evident showmanship. We have a serious dispute with a country and we begin by strengthening it at all possible points. This is new at any rate, for the old diplomacy took every means it could to weaken its adversary before it began to deal with him.

Calles, as a result of the efforts of Mr. Morrow, is vastly more strengthened in his position at home and abroad than he has been at any time since he became President.

But the new diplomacy is not as mad as it looks. The key is supplied by an editorial in the *New York Times*. What Calles needs, it says in effect, is credit. Of course; and credit depends on good will, and good will in governments depends on political strength, and political strength depends on public opinion, and Mexican political strength depends more than a little on public opinion in the United States. Does that make Mr. Morrow's diplomatic puzzle clear enough? Our new ambassador has done more for Mexico's credit in three months than all Calles' payments to propagandists were able to accomplish in a year.

While the bankers and the diplomats get together in Mexico and ooze good will—and credit—countless thousands are in misery and peril of death and are actually being murdered in that same Mexico. Because of Mr. Morrow's present activities in search of credit for Calles, the persecutor of these unhappy thousands is placed, through the actions of our own Government, more firmly in his seat. Is there going to be any human counterpoise to the dealings of the financiers? If not, this present administration will go down as one of the shameless ones in our history.

The Catholic women of America, through the N. C. C. W. have told the President what they expect of him. Will our other Catholic organizations have the courage to do the same?

#### Youthful Criminals

THE vice-chairman of the State Commission of Correction, Mr. John S. Kennedy, asks the public to interest itself in the prevalence of crime among growing boys. The figures which he submits are startling. In the year ending June 30, 1927, one penitentiary received

559 prisoners between the ages of sixteen and twenty from the city of New York. In Brooklyn, one in every four committed to the city prison is under twenty-one years of age.

Mr. Kennedy thinks that much can be done to save our boys by play-grounds and clubs.

The economic conditions which now prevail have practically destroyed the home with its facilities for healthful, enjoyable recreation. The children swarm in the streets which for many of them are schools of crime. It is plain that we must provide acceptable substitutes for the recreational opportunities destroyed by the encroachments of commerce.

Clubs and playgrounds thus became a necessity. But alone they will not suffice. The motive of religion must be brought into the hearts of the young, and with the public schools excluding religion that is indeed a difficult task. Some day we shall learn that the presence of ninety per cent of our children in secularized schools is not a social asset.

#### Our Wealth and Our Paupers

WE were not particularly impressed with the figures on old-age dependency issued some days ago by the National Civic Federation. It is cheering to learn that very few persons sixty-five years of age and older are dependents. But the information does not seem to square with common experience, and we are justified in asking on what the Federation based its conclusion.

Our skepticism was shared by others. On learning that the Federation's report was based on nothing more than interviews with some fourteen thousand aged persons in four States, an official of the New York Charity Organization Society remarked that it might be true or it might not be, but that "the number of interviews was certainly small for so sweeping a generalization." The Secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security, Mr. Abraham Epstein, was more emphatic in his criticisms. Mr. Epstein writes that even of the small group studied by the Federation, nearly thirty per cent had no means whatever, and added that it was becoming more difficult for wage-earners over sixty to retain their positions. In many parts of the country, moreover, if a man past forty was thrown out of work, it was exceedingly difficult for him to obtain employment. "With no property and no work," concluded Mr. Epstein, "an aged person can hardly be anything else but dependent."

Whatever the exact truth may be, and we inclined to agree with Mr. Epstein, it is certain that the figures published by the Federation are quite useless in a scientific study of the problem of old-age dependency. They are, rather, as it seems to us, merely another voice in the chorus of propaganda to make us believe that few of us have any cause for financial worry. It is quite true that the United States is the wealthiest country in the world in natural resources and investments. But how is that wealth distributed?

"Average wealth" is a meaningless phrase. John Jones and Thomas Smith together are "worth" one mil-



lion dollars, when Smith's total wealth is the dime which Jones has just tossed him. An opulent city may be infested with paupers, and many are. Wealth is increasing faster than the reservoirs into which it flows. Distribution, not concentration, of wealth is the true test of general financial prosperity.

As Senator Nye said in New York some weeks ago, "America's vaunted prosperity is largely a myth." In 1926, according to reports furnished by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, one-fourth of one per cent of the corporations absorbed sixty-six per cent of the corporation profits. The dirt-farmers, constituting thirty per cent of the country's population gather in only eight per cent of the country's financial returns. Rockefeller in a group of forty-nine paupers would lift the average wealth to \$20,000,000, and with the average struck, not one of the paupers would have a penny.

The point, while somewhat elemental, is commonly lost sight of. A people are prosperous not when their combined wealth is huge, but when that wealth is most widely distributed. We are wealthy as a people, but the distribution of our wealth leaves much to be desired.

#### Children, a Wiser Investment

**I**N his syndicated letter of December 28, 1927, Mr. B. C. Forbes shows how a family can live very nicely, in fact, "have plenty to eat" on a grocery bill of only \$20 per month. We could all balance our budgets very nicely, if our food cost only sixty cents a day, but the magic pen of Mr. Forbes works wonders even more marvelous. All the expenses of this food-hating family, including insurance, lights, water, amusement, and payments on the house, are covered by a salary of less than thirty dollars a week.

So extraordinary a budget merits careful examination.

At the outset we may ask the size of this family. Two children? Three? Well, no; there is only one child.

It is important to note that this child is ten years old.

Where are the other children?

These human data are omitted. Possibly, the worker has lost two or three children. It is also quite possible that he would tell you that on a salary of thirty dollars a week, a man can't have a large family.

Three persons of thrifty habits may be able to survive, and, within limits, to live, on thirty dollars a week. But not much of a family can be raised on that sum. They may even be able to put some money in the savings-bank, make a modest investment or two, a little home, for instance, and to exist well above the line of penury.

But an economic policy which allows only one child in ten years is not good for the State. And for the individual it is worse.

In his recent volumes, "The Economics of Instalment Selling," Dr. Seligman confesses his inability to distinguish between a luxury and a necessity. We hope to pay our respects, such as they are, to these volumes at another time. Here it will suffice to note that while Dr. Seligman shuffles the question aside by murmuring that the luxury

of yesterday is the necessity of today, he is fairly certain that the purchase of an automobile on the instalment plan is usually a wise investment.

It seems to us that children are a wiser investment. On thirty dollars a week, most men will be obliged to make a choice. Perhaps a majority will not choose an automobile. Like the example cited by Mr. Forbes they will choose to have no family. The connection between empty cradles and malicious wickedness is not nearly so close as the connection between empty cradles and low wages.

#### "American Justice"

**F**OR once Mr. George Remus, ex-bootlegger, ex-convict, and assolized murderer of his wife, was right. Mr. Remus, it will be remembered, procured a revolver on a bright morning last October, followed his wife through one of Cincinnati's parks, and at the first opportunity shot and killed her.

At the trial, Mr. Remus, who aided in conducting the case, pleaded with the jury to give him nothing but "American justice." The jury deliberated for a few moments, and gave Mr. Remus what he asked for, to-wit, freedom on the ground that at the time of the killing he was insane.

"American justice," then, is this: until noon of a given day the defendant is sane and has been sane for forty years. Precisely on the stroke of twelve, he becomes insane and kills his wife. At 12:02 P.M. he is sane again.

That was the defense of Mr. Remus and the jury agreed that it was wholly satisfactory. Other juries have so often agreed with other Mr. Remuses, as to give ground for the claim that at Cincinnati the ends of "American justice" were served perfectly.

The press is inclined to lay all the blame for this scandalous miscarriage of justice on the jury. We do not agree. When learned counsel can introduce so preposterous a plea as that of Remus, and a worshipful judge takes it seriously, twelve butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers can be excused if they conclude that this is the way the game is properly played.

The burden of this disgrace and others like it, rests on the legal profession and nowhere else. It is incumbent upon the profession to take steps to prevent a repetition of these scandals which, by bringing the courts into disrepute, strike at the very basis of good order in the community. It is a mere evasion to shift the responsibility to the legislature. In any State in which the power of decent self-government has not been entirely lost the profession can find and apply a remedy. It can begin by expelling its criminal and unethical members. It can appoint committees to meet the legislature for the revision of the criminal code. It can so stimulate public opinion that no legislature will dare to enact legislation for the protection of the crook and the murderer and the enrichment of his even more deeply criminal attorney.

If the profession does not act the laity will. Too many lawyers today are tearing down decent government by promoting what Mr. Remus calls "American justice."

## "The Nation in Arms"

JOSEPH F. THORNING, S.J.

WHO will forget Carlyle's "The black flag is flying from the top of Notre Dame Cathedral! The Fatherland is in danger!" or its necessary sequence, old Clausewitz's doctrine of "The Nation in Arms"? Or how Napoleon forged academic theory into thunderbolts of steel and hurled them against his enemies at Austerlitz and Wagram! Compulsory military service for all males capable of bearing arms is an idea that the Revolution and the First Empire popularized; it remained for the twentieth century to lay even greater emphasis upon the State's entire organization for the exigencies of war.

August, 1914, demonstrated the importance of economic and industrial preparedness and established beyond question the German genius for organization, quick movement and efficient control. True, France did not flounder hopelessly as she did in 1870 when the French Minister of War falsely assured the Chamber that everything was ready down to "the last latchet on the last gaiter of every soldier of the Empire." But the Uhlans were within hailing distance of Paris before the French military machine was functioning as an effective weapon should. In the meantime France's industrial heart had been seized, her valuable deposits of coal and iron devoted to manufacturing enemy bullets and the harvest-fields of Flanders and Picardy torn away to feed Prussian battalions. War was again being waged on the soil of France. War had again taken France at a disadvantage.

The French Superior War Council of 1927 is resolved that this shall never happen again. Four years have been devoted to an expert study of national security and the results embodied in a National Defense Act which means literally universal conscription in the widest sense of the term. According to the provisions of the bill, from the day on which war is declared, every French citizen, man, woman and child, will be automatically incorporated into the national defense forces, and thereby be placed at the disposal of the Government to serve in whatever capacity judged most effective. Likewise the Government is given authority to take over by decree all railways, factories, mines, electrical plants and other industries, and also all inventions useful for the conduct of war without compensation to the owners or directors.

To give the Government such powers is one thing, to make an effective use of such powers is quite another. The Government accordingly stated that each Ministry would be expected to prepare, in peace time, complete plans for the immediate mobilization of all the resources under its control. Thus the Minister of Public Works would have on file detailed plans for the trans-

port of men and supplies, the Minister of Agriculture would prepare detailed estimates of supplies available, the Minister of Commerce would hold in readiness plans for the importation of essential commodities from abroad. There will be no lost motion when next *Aux armes!* rings throughout the Republic.

And yet, according to M. Paul-Boncour, pacifist and Socialist, there is nothing militaristic in this law. It is designed solely for defense. No thought of aggression is ever so lightly entertained. It calls for instantaneous conversion of peace industries into war industries only in case of threatened attack or a war approved by the League of Nations. M. Briand insists on the pacific character of the move: "The guaranty of our safety lies only in ourselves, and it is up to us to make it a real guarantee. We shall not lose sight of the idea of peace, either; we will be able then to work for peace with all our energy without weakening our own strength." M. Paul-Boncour, advocate of international disarmament, approved of the bill as "giving greater security than in the past with less risk of war." M. Renaudel, also a Socialist, added: "It is not enough to denounce war . . . . We must also provide means to prevent it. For that reason the Socialist party wishes to organize for international peace and at the same time for national defense."

Such statements did much to allay alarm in a world that was talking, if not thinking in terms of disarmament, but many critics arose to describe the new system as "100 per cent socialistic," making of France a "gigantic military machine" and tending to accentuate "war psychology" which is diametrically opposed to any "moral disarmament." Others asserted that France had given a very bad exhibition of "nerves."

The criticism overlooks two important points. The first is that France has suffered the harrowing experience of two hostile invasions within less than fifty years. Her people, consequently, do not have to draw on their imaginations to picture the horrors of war. The strains of the *Marche Militaire* still haunt the Champs Elysées and the boom of Big Bertha is too recent to be forgotten. The second point overlooked is that France is merely exercising a right, which, whether exercised or not, is inherent in every State, namely, the right to demand that in the emergency of a just war all its citizens shall serve under arms if they are needed. This is fundamental American doctrine, as it is the doctrine of healthy patriotism everywhere.

From a purely practical point of view the French plan has much more to recommend it. As a matter of fact in the Great War there was a pooling of individual resources



and energies, a nationalization of basic industries, an organization of men, women and children to carry on the combat. It was estimated by reports submitted to the Carnegie Foundation that five workers were required to keep one soldier at the front completely equipped. In England, women became bakers, butchers, stokers, and labored in mines, quarries, ship-building yards, gas works, sewage farms, iron and tube works, tanyards, flour mills and railroad freight stations. Over 600,000 children, mostly between the ages of eleven and thirteen were withdrawn from school to work in the fields and mines. Thus the housewife in the kitchen and the girl in khaki driving an ambulance were sisters in the cause. The farmer behind the plow was a fellow-warrior of the man behind the French 75's. The idea of "The Nation in Arms" had received a tremendous impetus by 1918.

Moreover industrial coordination and control is no stranger to American citizens who remember the War Industries Board, the Fuel Administration, Railroad Administration, Grain Corporation, and Council of National Defense. The technique of the French plan has, in large measure, been already worked out. Those who shriek "socialistic" should advert to rather recent history.

Nor is France alone in her experiment. In Belgium a mobilization committee has been appointed charged with the task of formulating plans to enlist not only the entire man power of the nation but also the economic and financial power. "Military modernism," or the policy of organizing the whole wealth, man-power and woman-power, mental and moral, financial and industrial resources so that they may be instantly ready for war under new conditions, is likewise attracting the attention of leading officials in Italy, Yugoslavia and Hungary. Even far-away New Zealand has its central committee for the organization of War Industries.

Here in the United States we have the Army Ordnance Association, a national organization with local units, whose purpose it is to preserve peace by maintaining industrial preparedness. Benedict Crowell, Assistant Secretary of War in the Wilson Cabinet, is president of this association. Speaking before the St. Louis post of the organization he told of the establishment of similar posts in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Washington, Cincinnati and Philadelphia.

In case of war, [Crowell declared] modern munitions must be produced in large quantities in record time, by American industry. In an emergency, time would not permit of careful study or long preparation, and experience teaches that the most helpful aid is an active organization of members initiated in the complex requirements of modern warfare. Peace insurance in the form of industrial preparedness is our greatest aim. It is a frank declaration to the world that we not only want peace but intend to have it.

Many who attribute war propaganda to the Du Ponts, Schneiders, Armstrongs, Ansaldo and Vickers and know the close relation between "dreadnoughts and dividends" will see in this a huge militaristic plot to amass riches in munitions. Our final judgment, however, will be formed after examining whether or not this plan, by

maintaining industrial preparedness, allows an actual reduction of existing armaments. If armies and navies are decreased some provision must be made for at least potential national defense.

The idea, therefore, of "The Nation in Arms" is partly old and partly new. Like most revolutionary ideas it has its roots in the past. What may be its implications as to the future? Its proponents claim that it will do two things, (1) Remove war from the list of gainful occupations by eliminating profiteering, (2) Prevent wars by enabling each nation to present a front of such economic, financial, industrial and moral integration that no enemy will dare to take the offensive. An appraisal of these two objects in relation to the means proposed will be attempted in succeeding articles.

## The Uncleft Band

JEROME D. HANNAN

A RING is a circle. There are certain circles that despise a ring. That is they condemn certain kinds of ring. There is a ring that is a bond. It is a plain gold band. It symbolizes a bond. Who hate the bond hate the band.

They detest the ring because it has no cleft in it. For them, who love license, a ring of smoke should symbolize the bond. It is ephemeral. It passes as quickly as the whim that made it. It is shadowy, shifting, shallow. It should be the symbol of fleeting, vague, and superficial infatuation.

The enemies of the plain, gold band would prefer a diamond setting. The ring for them should be the seat of ostentatious foppery. The bond, they think, should be the throne of luxury. The plain band is obviously too drab. It suggests too painfully a dull routine. It speaks too impertinently of an antique drudgery. It proclaims inopportunately a colorless existence. What matters that it is made of gold? Can drudgery be golden? Can monotony be precious? Can dullness be a treasure? What signifies its shape? Can seclusion be a crown? What royalty is in motherhood? Is it regal to be a drudge? Queenly, to be obscure? The bond must have material ornament. Notoriety cannot be forsworn. Put a diamond in the wedding ring. Expand its symbolism.

The wedding ring, they say, must never be a nose ring. It must not prophesy captivity. It must be a rubber band, infinitely elastic, capable of snapping if the strain becomes too great. Perhaps it might be even a ring of keys to open doors of enjoyment. But among them there must be one that masters wedlock, releasing, if need be, those who chafe in self-imposed duress.

But the ring as used today displeases them. They exercise their skill riding at the ring. Could they carry it away, they think its sanctions would collapse. Then, as expert rangers, they might herd men's noblest notions of the marriage vows and drive them to the precipice of oblivion.

They form a ring to annihilate a ring. What by-laws sway the members of the clique must forever, perhaps,

remain obscure. Where in the dark vaults of epicureanism or sensualism their charter may be hid only the initiate can tell. Perhaps their constitution is implicit and their unity assumed. As irreconcilable antagonists find unity in opposing an historic Faith, so rejection of a ring may incorporate implacable enemies in companionship. The liberty of the flesh must not be circumscribed; and the wedding ring, though it oppress but a finger's flesh, is typical, they think, of the slavery induced by its acceptance.

The circus ring holds more enchantment. It symbolizes their aspirations. How exhilarating to parade before an admiring throng, amidst the blare of trumpets, to stun, with marvelous talents, the gaze of spectators! Here, indeed, is self-realization. Here is a ring that draws the curious crowd. Here applause cheers on displays of prowess. But the plain, gold band! It drives the crowd away and leaves its victim solitary within the circle of domestic life.

They fail to see the blessings radiated by the stars of domestic life revolving in their orbits. They say there are no stars, because they will not gaze up at the sky. Their hypothesis denies that bodies in fixed orbits can be happy. What use, then, to doubt the hypothesis by glancing heavenward?

They would introduce a marriage contract terminable at the will of the contracting parties. The law's delays embarrass the headlong haste of license. They would make marriage as irreligious as many other contracts. They would debase the crown of motherhood, the corollary of marriage indissoluble. The children's ring personifies the wedding ring. Destroy the intimate and permanent dependence of child upon father and you degrade the lofty position of motherhood. If the father merely supports his children with a monthly check, he is only paying a price for indulgence. The mother ceases to be the consort and becomes the toy. Wherever divorce looms on the horizon, the mother can be little more than this. She can be the consort only on the basis of an interminable agreement. As long as man can buy his liberty from wife and child, their support is his tentative rental of a toy.

It is of the nature of a toy to outgrow its novelty. Unless a woman be protected from this fate, she is no more than a plaything. Public bridges, parks, and buildings lose their newness. They are not whimsically destroyed. No doubt the public engineers have reason often to regret the site, the plan, the edifice. But they use as best they can what they have chosen. Bridges, parks, and buildings are not toys. Public works depreciate. Repairs are constantly in demand. Your engineers do not demand destruction, but are practical enough to repair. Bridges, parks and buildings are not toys.

Mothers are national institutions. They are not toys or playthings. A handsome public building may charm architectural taste. But that is not the prime object of the building. So a woman's beauty may enrapture a man. But that is not the prime object of womanhood. The charm of a building makes it more congenial for its occu-

pants; the beauty of woman makes her a more desirable companion. But when the building grows old and loses its charm it will still be the scene of labor. So when a mother has lost her beauty she should still be the consort of the father of her child. In spite of loss of humility, docility, amiability, or even health itself, the wife must remain the wife, the national institution for morality. Make wives less, and they can then be but toys to amuse the fancy.

The gyrations of the Communistic mind disturb the currents of the world. The tornado sweeping with rapacity over other lands has caught our own with a contemptuous flip of its skirt. Its special animosity is centered on the family. The Communistic State must be father and mother to its sons. Those sons must have no family history, no parental heritage. To the State must belong their only allegiance.

Luxury has helped the Communist in those very quarters where he least looked for success. The wealthy and the exclusive, proud of segregation from the crowd, unconsciously approve a leveling process by sponsoring divorce. Divorce is an early step towards submergence of personal motherhood, but it moves in that direction. It forebodes a day when mothers will have no identity, and women will be toys of a tyrant State. Then divorce will be no more, for sacred unions will not be made. There will be no bond, no ring to seal the bond.

The Communist must smirk when he hears of divorce's struggle in his behalf. How satisfied he is with the report of his treacherous ally's annual campaign! The figures of the United States Commerce Department proclaim the fidelity of his companion. In 1926, according to those figures, there was an increase of 3.1 per cent over 1925 in the number of divorces in the United States; of 1.2 per cent in the number of marriages. Divorces grew two and a half times faster than original marriage bonds. The dislike of the married state appears also in the unequal growth of population and family foundations. Marriages exceeded the number of the preceding year by 1.2 per cent; population grew 1.5 per cent during the year. The number of families grew at only four-fifths the rate of the general population. Finally for every seven new families formed, there was one destroyed by divorce.

Communism will let sensualism do its work until divorces equal marriages. When it can point to marriage as a formality, it can with impunity abolish it. The marriage ring will then be powdered into dust as a relic of superstition. But with it will be smashed and battered the crown of womanhood. The queen of the home will perish with the domestic monarchy.

#### ONE WAY OF BEAUTY

I looked into your shining soul  
And saw such beauty there  
As shades the twilight forest paths  
And lights the stars for prayer.

I did not know your cold, hard soul  
But mirrored, crystal-clear,  
The iridescent bloom of earth;—  
Not till you hurt me, dear.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.



## Catholic Writers' Week in France

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THE printing press in all its various applications has become so important in moulding public opinion—not so much by argument as by suggestion and repetition—that the proper direction of its use for religious purposes must be arranged. It has now become ever so much more important than the pulpit, which used to be the medium for the expression of religious feeling. It is not surprising to find that the pioneer organization for the employment of various modes of the printing press in aid of Catholicism has come first in France. From December 5 to 11 they held in Paris what they call Catholic Writers' Week. This consists of a series of meetings held on the days of a full week participated in by the most distinguished living French Catholic writers in which various important subjects of special interest to Catholics are discussed. The committee of patronage of the event includes ten members of the French Academy bearing such universally known names as Paul Bourget, René Bazin, Georges Goyau, Marshal Foch and others.

On Monday, December 5, Msgr. Batiffol opened the discussion of the subject of "The Reunion of the Churches." When Cardinal Mercier held the well-remembered conferences at Malines on reunion with the Anglicans, Msgr. Batiffol was called by the Belgian Cardinal to participate in them. The special subject for discussion in the section in which he appeared was, "How is Catholic doctrine of its very nature supranational and how can Catholic writers lend their efforts to the problem of reunion?" On Tuesday, December 6, in connection with the question of the union of the Churches, the role of the Catholic writer and of how we can bring about this consummation so devoutly to be wished, there were discussions of orthodoxy and of Anglicanism as well as a discussion of the means of propaganda that should be used in order to get the popular mind into a favorable mood for Church reunion.

On Wednesday the discussion concerned what they call in French "Protestantisms in search of a formula of universality." We need a word like that French plural in English in order to be able to avoid the use of the more or less invidious word sects or sectarians. On Thursday there was a discussion of "The Church and the Rights of the People." This was opened by Professor Le Fur, professor of international law in the faculty of the University of Paris. He has written a series of books on various subjects relating to international law, which are widely known by specialists in that department, and some of which have been translated into foreign languages. American students of our history in its relation to foreign affairs know Professor Le Fur's study of "The Spanish American War Looked at from the Viewpoint of International Public Law." Since the War he has written striking contributions to international law on "Reprisals

in Time of War" and "Reprisals and Reparations." These monographs were considered of such importance for the proper understanding of these important subjects that they were published by the committee for the defense of public international law.

On Friday there was discussion of the subject as to how Catholic writers can give human and universal character to literature and yet keep it at the same time Catholic. The other topic, "Catholic Writers and the Jewish Question," was a subsidiary subject of discussion. On Saturday the general topic was, "The Spiritual and Mystic Values of English, German and Spanish Literatures." The exercises for this year closed with the allocution of His Eminence, Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, who was the honorary president of the meeting. It is easy to see from the subjects selected for discussion how valuable a congress of this kind might be and the French congress of Catholic writers fulfilled expectations.

This is the sixth of these series of sessions under the title of Catholic Writers' Week which have been held since 1921. The discussions have grown in breadth and significance during the succeeding years down to the present one, though all of them have been very interesting and suggestively valuable. The first had for general subject "The Catholic Writer in Modern Society" while the second had "The Relations of the Laity to the Catholic Church." In French they prefer to put it, "The Relations of Laicism to Catholicity," which is a much broader subject. The third Catholic Writers' Week took for its basic subject "The Influence of Writers on the Great Public." The fourth focused on "Journalism," while the fifth, that of last year, took for consideration "Anti-Christianity today as it may be observed in conflict with our Catholic renaissance."

Catholic Writers' Week is part of what the editor of the rather well known French literary magazine, *Les Lettres*, who has been the main organizer of it, calls the intellectual Catholic renaissance and the restoration of the Catholic Church to the place of influence that it occupied in former times. By this, the editor, M. Bernoville, means the restoration of the Catholic world to its former status.

It is easy to understand that a movement like this, by bringing together for mutual understanding and definite cooperation the educated people of a nation, must mean a great deal for putting the Catholic Church and her doctrines properly before the public. The trouble at the present time is that those outside of the Church do not know the Church in reality, though they think they know all about her. The striking example of that was the conversion a dozen years ago of the professor of history at Halle-Wittenberg, which represents Luther's old uni-

versity of Wittenberg now transferred to Halle. Almost needless to say it was a profound shock to German scholars and the educated folk generally that the Wittenberg professor of history should become a Catholic. It was still more startling, however, to have his confession that though he had been twenty years professor of history he had during that time never read a Catholic book. The very first Catholic book that he read converted him. He thought he knew all about the Church, though he had read about it only in the works of non-Catholic writers. He had the feeling that Catholics presented only partial statements very definitely partisan in character.

If men who are prominent in literature and in journalism, that is, the men who have a call on the attention of the public, are known to be Catholics there is some chance that our Protestant friends will try to understand us, not from the standpoint of those who view us from the outside but who see us from within. A Catholic writers' week, even though it were not a full week, but only a day or two or three, perhaps during vacation time, would be an excellent thing to think about in other countries besides France. It is probably true that no country needs it quite so much as France does, but everywhere great good might be accomplished. M. Bernoville's programs for the successive years have been eminently suggestive of the topics that should be discussed at such meetings and there is no doubt at all that if properly organized such meetings would bring about a good deal of the right kind of publicity that would enable people who are not acquainted with the realities of the Catholic Church to secure information that would be precious, but above all to help them to get hints as to where they might go for sources of genuine information with regard to the oldest and the largest body of Christians in existence.

#### SYBIL

On a fragrant rose-road  
When I was a child,  
Lo, I met an old crone,  
And her eyes were wild;  
Thus I heard her singing,  
"When the sun goes down,  
I shall meet an angel lass  
In a flaming gown!"

Whistling as a lad will,  
I was passing by,  
When she took me by the hand,  
And I heard her sigh,  
"Whistling lips and laughing lips,  
Eyes or gray or blue,  
He shall know the dreamer's way,—  
Rosemary and rue!"

Then she turned and left me,  
Fleet foot on the grass,  
Going to her trysting  
With an angel lass;  
"Laughing lips and whistling lips,  
Eyes or blue or gray"—  
I have found the rose and rue  
In the dreamer's way.

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER.

## Figures of the Epiphany

WILLIAM C. SMITH

THE feast of the Epiphany derives much of its significance from its being the anniversary of the revelation of Christ to the gentiles. This it certainly is, but there is another element in it which is generally overlooked, namely that it also commemorates the revelation of Christ to the philosophers, and, for the first time in the world's history, the submission of reason to Revelation.

In order to understand this, consider first of all who were the Magi and what they represented. We learn from Herodotus that the members of the caste from which the Persians drew their priests were called Magi, that is, Wise Men, and it is in this sense that the word is used by St. Matthew. The Magi who visited Christ were not kings, and neither the Fathers of the Church nor early tradition holds that they were. Their caste, however, wielded an almost king-like power in the Parthian Empire, while their vast learning and their wealth were doubtless responsible for their being traditionally accepted as kings.

The religion of which they were ministers was a form of Zoroastrianism, which, if we may use the term, was an almost purely philosophical religion. Based as it was on carefully reasoned conclusions, it succeeded in approaching the truth more closely than probably any other non-revealed religion, but its greatest drawback lay in its being a religion for and by philosophers. Years of study were required to understand and believe it, and so it was not at all suited to the capacities of the common people. The Magi in addition to being philosophers were astrologers and as such well-versed in the movements and positions of the heavenly bodies. Add to this that there existed in the Orient the remnants of the Jewish teaching of a Saviour to be born of a Virgin, that echoes of this tradition were found in Zoroastrian lore, and that the Magi as scholars were doubtless acquainted with the sacred books of the Jews. All this shows that they were peculiarly fitted, although the priests of a false religion, to recognize the signs heralding the new-born Saviour.

It is none the less true, however, that being philosophers they were apt to suffer from a certain intellectual pride and be sceptical of things which transcended their reason. They stand out in sharp contra-distinction to the shepherds who so unquestioningly went to adore the Christ-Child on the first Christmas morning. Their simple minds, unused to the subtleties of the philosophers and unhampered by the doubts that philosophical research sometimes engenders, easily appreciated the angelic chorus at its proper worth—a Divine manifestation.

But with the philosophers it was different. They had, no doubt, a thousand-and-one reasons why a child could not be born of a virgin, that the Son of God could not be born on earth, much less in a state of abject poverty. The whole thing was so radically opposed to reason as to appear impossible, while reason itself was powerless to cope with such a paradox. But the Magi went a step



further. They realized that there were some things which reason could not explain because they were outside its province, just as a knife that is made to cut bread will not hew stone. Nevertheless, nothing is more galling for a philosopher to admit than that he, who has used the most sacrosanct facts of human experience as his playground, prying into their dark recesses and explaining their obscurities, is face-to-face with a blank wall which his hitherto all-powerful reason can neither surmount nor avoid.

This unique birth of God's Son was just such a case as would try the Magi. Their reason, their delvings into ancient books, and their knowledge of the stars would lead them to seek the Child and to recognize Him as the One foretold by the Prophets, but it required a distinct, and we may imagine, painful abasement of their pride in their reasoning ability to bow down before the Baby and admit that He was God.

That moment of adoration stands out as marking the beginning of a new era. Hitherto philosophers had been disdainful towards religion, for religion to the pagans meant merely the stories and fables conjured up by the imaginations of the ignorant to explain various material and spiritual experiences. Philosophers could not believe in amorous intrigues and ridiculous jealousies among the rulers of the universe; they knew too much. The common people, on the other hand, could not under-

stand such a concept as Aristotle's uncaused cause; they knew too little. Where, therefore, could a religion be found so simple as to be understood by the most unlearned laborer, yet metaphysical enough to delight the most exacting philosopher? The shepherds found it on the first Christmas at the feet of a tiny Child and there too the philosophers found it on the Epiphany; else why should they have offered that Child a gift more precious than their gold, frankincense, and myrrh—the submission of their reason? From that moment religion needed no longer to tremble lest philosophy discover her inconsistencies, for the Christ-Child had shown the philosophers that there were no inconsistencies provided the boundaries of reason and religion were recognized.

We have seen the end of the questing of the Magi. Tradition tells us that they returned to their homes and were baptized by St. Thomas. They had found peace and intellectual satisfaction. Today others like them, philosophers, are making the same quest for a touchstone that will explain the troublesome, hidden things that torment the soul. They, too, can find the peace of the Magi if they will be brave enough to make the long journey through the arid desert to the feet of Christ. But that is not enough, they must follow the Magi still further; they must bow their bodies, and hardest of all, their reason before the Child: “. . . and falling down they adored him.”

## Philadelphia Honors Her Foremost Citizen

EUGENE WEARE

Special Correspondent for AMERICA

“IN Philadelphia”—so runs the slogan—“nearly everybody reads the *Bulletin*.” Now, in case you do not know it, it may be set down here that this *Bulletin* is the town's evening newspaper with a daily circulation of upwards of 500,000 copies. Just why this is so is difficult to understand. Circulation Managers, “efficiency experts” and others of like tendencies have long wondered about it. But, then, nearly everybody in Philadelphia votes the Gang ticket, too, and seemingly cares nothing whatever for the character of its municipal government, the condition of the city's streets, which are easily the very worst to be found in any large city in the country, and the utterly inadequate street-car system. Nearly everybody in Philadelphia eats scrapple for breakfast these winter mornings and the chief indoor sport of recent years is given over to open competition in the manufacture of alleged malt beverages which masquerade under the guise of “home brew.”

I mention all these in passing, not to record any displeasure because of the aforesaid “home brew” nor even of the type of mind which contents itself with the daily perusal of such journals as the *Bulletin*. I have lived long enough to know that all these things have their places in a community where virtue, liberty and independence are publicly honored in the breach. The point I

really wish to emphasize is that Philadelphia, like most of our great American cities, is not quite so bad as it is commonly represented to be. After all, you know, scrapple is not at all unappetizing if it is properly prepared and cooked, and the election of Mr. “Bill” Vare to the United States Senate will not materially lower the character of membership in that curious body. Philadelphia and the Philadelphians occasionally do some things that are genuinely worthy of any substantial community. The difficulty comes about by way of the fact that you hear but little of these better and finer enterprises. We live in an age of sensational journalism run to riot.

Recently, nearly everybody in Philadelphia turned out to honor one of her illustrious sons and the occasion is so worthy of note that it merits something more than a mere passing reference, however fulsome, in the local newspapers. The occasion was a “testimonial of affection and appreciation” to James A. Flaherty, recently retired as the Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus. The largest auditorium in the city was crowded to its eaves and, seemingly, nearly everybody in Philadelphia sought to have a part in this unique demonstration.

A prophet, they say, is not without honor save in his own bailiwick. But, with many Philadelphians, Mr.

Flaherty is more than a prophet and finer and nobler, too. His long years of outstanding princely service to the cause of civic betterment, to the sick and the poor and the needy; his record as the chief officer of the K. of C. and his unblemished personal life have served to mark him as a man apart from his fellow men. It is well within the facts to suggest that in honoring him Philadelphia honors her most distinguished citizen.

And to their everlasting credit let it be noted and marked that the Philadelphians were not slow to move. The testimonial held a few weeks back under the auspices of the local Chapter of the Knights was a magnificent tribute to a man whose life's *motif*, so to speak, has been almost entirely spiritual in a day and generation which is almost completely submerged by the weight and stench of rank materialism. For more than half a century Mr. Flaherty has stood up and out in defense and support of all that is finest and best in life. Nearly everybody in Philadelphia knows this to be true and so it is that they arranged the testimonial. It was a tribute of affection as well as appreciation and especially noteworthy because it came at the end of half a century of heroic service.

As a part of the great gathering which turned out to participate in this unique celebration were men and women of note, in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Mr. Flaherty's successor as the Supreme Knight of the K. of C. was present on the stage and delivered a splendid tribute to his predecessor's conduct of the high office but recently relinquished. The Mayor of the City of Philadelphia was there, too, representing the citizens of all walks of life in the city, and there was a spokesman for the Government of France which has honored Mr. Flaherty on more than one occasion. A number of his fellow-knights in Philadelphia delivered addresses of congratulation and felicitation and a stirring panegyric, which moved the audience to a high pitch of enthusiastic applause, was delivered by the local District Deputy of the Knights, Mr. Clare G. Fenerty.

And, of course, Dr. Corrigan was there. It seems as though no Philadelphia public gathering of any kind is complete without the presence of the distinguished Rector of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary at Overbrook. And it is well that such is the procedure. With his kingly presence and his kindly soul there is no man, at least, no man that I know of, who can say more in fewer words. His tribute to the honored guest of the evening was a classic gem. The Knights ought to have it reprinted for distribution among our boys and girls at school. If it does nothing more it will serve as a first-rate model of oratorical composition.

Mr. William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary of the K. of C., in the course of his congratulatory address gave some figures regarding the growth of the Order during the years of Mr. Flaherty's service as Supreme Knight which are strikingly impressive. During this period, 1909 to 1927, the advancement of the Order has been truly marvelous. The membership has trebled, the number of Councils has doubled. The assets have increased from

\$2,500,000 to \$26,000,000. More than \$21,000,000 have been paid out in death benefits and the insurance in force on the lives of certain members has mounted from \$73,000,000 to almost \$265,000,000. It was during Mr. Flaherty's regime that the \$500,000 was raised for the Endowment Fund for the Catholic University and the \$1,500,000 for the Italian Welfare Fund. The war and post-war expenditures involved more than \$44,000,000 and the Mexican Educational and Relief movement totaled more than \$1,000,000. Truly, indeed, a record to be proud of.

It may come as a surprise to many who know the enthusiasm and vigor of Mr. Flaherty to learn that he has lived almost three-quarters of a century. He was born in Philadelphia in 1853. For more than fifty years he has been an attorney-at-law in active practice at the Philadelphia bar. His membership in the Knights goes back to 1896 and since that time he has been active in the work of the Order almost without interruption, often to the neglect of his professional duties. It is interesting to know that, despite entreaties and importunities, Mr. Flaherty has never succumbed to the lure of political office. More than once, public office has been tendered him. Indeed, I am not so sure that he was not offered a place on the Bench in Philadelphia some years back which was promptly declined. On the other hand, no worthy movement in Philadelphia in half a century has appealed for his aid in vain. He has given freely of himself, of his time, his talents and his money. All of these he has given unstintingly, with never a thought of reward or recompense.

One of the Philadelphia papers, commenting upon the recent testimonial greeting tendered to Mr. Flaherty, referred to him as "our most decorated citizen." That he is. Few men, probably, in all the land have been so singularly honored by decorations of all kinds, academic degrees and such, as has Mr. Flaherty. To set all these out in the limited space available here is impossible. It may be noted, however, that among the numberless honors conferred upon him are the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, the Distinguished Service Medal of the United States, Officer of the Legion of Honor, Officer of the Order of Leopold II, of Belgium and Grand Commander of the Star of Morocco.

As the result of long years of reading and study Mr. Flaherty's acquaintance with the plays of Shakespeare is truly astonishing. From the lesser-known plays he can quote at random long passages of striking beauty that fairly startle you out of your seat. He has his ideas, too, of many of the characters of Shakespeare's plays. These are decidedly unique and ought to be put into a book.

For years I have known of this predilection for our foremost bard and more than once, when occasion offered, I have tried to "stick" him by the suggestion of a line or two, little known and rarely quoted. But I have yet to succeed. Indeed, more than once he has "turned the tables" on me by correcting my *misquotation* of a line, or a verse, which I had thought to be perfect.



And once, a few months back, I threw out some verse which sounded as if it might have come from the pen of the poet of the universe but which, in reality, came from our school of moderns. Mr. Flaherty listened with what I thought was rapt attention and when I had finished he gravely countered with this:

I once had a bottle of rye,  
The finest that money could buy;  
Then I hired an old feller  
To clean out our cellar—  
I *once* had a bottle of rye.

One more word remains to be said: At the testimonial meeting held at Philadelphia the local Knights, along with all the speeches of praise and adulation, presented Mr. Flaherty with a purse of \$5,000. And, while the officers of the bank upon which the check was drawn have refused to comment on the matter, dame rumor hath it that the check when presented for collection bore the endorsement of Mrs. James A. Flaherty.

## Reminiscences About a Pioneer Prelate

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L.H.D.

WE are prone and very justly to recall the stern heroisms of our priests and bishops in pioneer days and so it might be well to remember that there were lighter shades of diverting experiences that lay close to the high lights of sacrifice. So I am going to revive some reminiscences of Bishop Portier, Mobile's first prelate, which have been handed down to me by older relatives who knew and revered him. Bishop Portier has left some fine monuments to his zeal in a new land, the old Cathedral which he dedicated and which took its name from the Feast of the Immaculate Conception on December 8, 1850. Then there are Spring Hill College and the Visitation Convent, the two "beauty spots" of Mobile County. The College he literally "built" himself, helping with the workmen, who were scarce in those primitive days and cutting down the trees and clearing the forest, for the modest structure which has been succeeded by the splendid College of to-day, which is our city's pride. For the unfortunates, he founded Providence Infirmary and St. Mary's Orphanage, both of which like the College and the Convent have been replaced with handsome modern buildings. With these monuments to the noble work of his ministry, perhaps it may not be amiss to give a glimpse at the sunny side of this genial French gentleman in some stories told by himself.

As you will see from this first story, repeated in his own words but lacking the merry chuckle that always accompanied his anecdotes, the good old Bishop shows that the workings of the feminine mind were quite beyond his comprehension.

"Comes to me, one day, a young lady very distressed. She weeps. 'What is it, poor child?' I inquire. She weeps again and she says: 'O Monseigneur! my husband is dead and my heart is all broke up. I shall die. I cannot live without him. I shall die.' 'No! No! poor child,' I advise. 'You must not think so. In a little

whiles, you will feel better.' 'O no! no! Monseigneur, I cannot live. I will die without my husband. I cannot live. I think I go into a convent.' 'Not yet, my child, You must not be so in a haste about that. You must wait and think more slowly.' 'But O Monseigneur! it is always so peaceful, so quiet in the convent. Always so quiet, so quiet.' 'Huh?' I say. 'Always quiet in a convent? No! No! A convent is a house full of ze women and the girls and cannot always be quiet. They do a most valuable work. But always quiet? Where there is so many women and girls? No! No! It is not possible. Now see, my child. You will go and visit the poor widow and bring some help, where there is all the little children and nothing to eat. You are not poor.' 'No! Monseigneur, my husband has left me a competence.' 'Then you will buy some cloth and make the warm little robe for the poor little baby. In a little whiles, you will feel better.' But she weep some more and say she cannot live, she will die and when she is gone, I am so distressed for her and I say into myself 'Poor child! Poor child! It is very sad.'

"Not many whiles after comes to me one day a very personable young man. After the salutations, he say: 'Monseigneur, I come to arrange for my marriage with Madame La Rose.' 'Huh? Huh? Huh?' I exclaim in a breath. 'She will marry you?' 'O, yes, Monseigneur, we are agreed and with your permission we will be married in the Cathedral.' So I make the question to the young man and there is no obstacle and so I say to him to see the priest and arrange for the marriage; and when he is gone, I say into myself, 'Huh? Little whiles ago she cannot live. She going to die. Now she going get married again.'

"Comes to me one day, a gentleman, very important. He is rich and is a conspicuous citizen. He say: 'Monseigneur, my son Raoul cannot succeed in any business. I try to make him the lawyer and he cannot. I try to make him the doctor and he cannot. I try to make him the cotton planter and he cannot. I try to make him the merchant and he cannot. He cannot do anything at all in the world, so I think, I make him the priest.' 'Mon Dieu!' I exclaim, very loud, 'You think the man who cannot be good for nothing and cannot do nothing in the world will make the priest. Monsieur, it is the most difficult of all the professions and you think because your son cannot succeed in any business he would make the priest. I must bid you *bon jour*, Monsieur. It is a most stupid absurdity.'"

Even in those far off, simple days, there were trusts and monopolies. The chief monopolist was a diminutive Irishman, with bright red hair. He owned about all the teams and wagons in the city and had the contract to haul sand for building the new Cathedral. He was the only one in the city who could handle such a large contract. Although small in stature, his was a most valiant spirit. He was a most courageous man, for he had been married six times. As soon as he lost a wife and a proper season of mourning ensued, he replaced the lady until there were six in the cemetery. About a

year after the demise of number six he approached Bishop Portier in regard to another marriage. To quote the Bishop: "And I say to the wild Irishman, with the hair like the fire: 'No! No! It is too much. Six wife you already bury. No! No! Seven wife is too much.' And he say, hands in his pocket, red hair in the air: 'Very well, Bishop Portier. It's your business to do the marrying for us and it's my business to haul the sand and if you don't let Father McGarahan marry me, devil another spade full of sand will I haul for you. Then you can stop building your Cathedral. I've got all the teams and all the wagons and all the mules in town and if you don't let me get married, I'll quit hauling the sand.' And *mon Dieu*.. What can I do? He monopolize all the hauling business in the town. So I say to Father McGarahan: 'You marry the wild Irishman with the hair like the fire and the six wife in the graveyard.'" Then the Bishop would add, shaking his head, as if recording retributive justice: "And the seven wife, she put him in the graveyard and she marry a young man who owns all the teams and the wagons and the mules."

Bishop Portier was the soul of genial hospitality. He loved to gather his friends about him at his table. Also you will see from this concluding story that in those fine, free days, they were not haunted and harrassed by germs and microbes. One day, the Bishop had around his table about half a dozen friends. As usual in those days, the crown of the feast was the gumbo accompanied—say it softly in these dour, dry days—by the inevitable French claret. After the dinner the guests, smoking their cigars, complimented the Bishop on the excellence of the gumbo.

"Yes, Messieurs, was a very good gumbo. You see our old rooster he fights the one next door and the other rooster beat him so bad, so bad. O! he was so sick he try to walk in the yard and he cannot stand. He just lie down. He look so sick. So I say to the cook: 'Cut off his head and put him in the pot for the gumbo. He is too sick. He is going die.' O! he was so sick, so sick. Yes, Messieurs, was very good gumbo." As the guests walked home, they said regretfully to each other that they wished the good old Bishop had not been so unfortunately candid in his description of the condition of the belligerent and vanquished rooster that was the foundation of the gumbo they had eaten with so much relish.

#### THE FOURTH MAGUS

In place of broken laughter  
And the burden of tears,  
You brought silence  
And the sweep of blue years.

In place of precious spices,  
Frankincense and myrrh,  
You brought sleeping  
To Him and to Her.

And if three be remembered  
For the little they gave,  
What of you great giver  
Who gave them their grave!

C. T. LANHAM.

## Education

### Student Government

NICHOLAS MOSELEY

THE college authorities traditionally, if not in law, stand *in loco parentis*, and like parents with children they must see that the students do nothing to harm the common good, that they develop a sense of honor and habits of personal decency. Parents have an advantage in that they can early begin to mould a child's character, and can rectify faults as soon as they appear without laying down rules which in themselves suggest mistakes. Students come to college with comparatively well-formed habits and tendencies. Moreover they so outnumber their advisers that constant personal observation, even were it desirable, is impractical. Therefore the college must make rules and regulations, and by enforcing them hope to cultivate responsible and respectable habits in its charges.

These rules and regulations may be classed in three groups: those which concern the common life of the college, those which concern the student's honor, and those which concern the student's personal faults. In addition to these there are customs which have such a weight of tradition behind them (and a college tradition may become hallowed in four years) that they amount to rules. These customs, however, are usually made and enforced by the students themselves.

In the first group come such essential details as regularity and promptness in keeping academic engagements, non-smoking orders (if only in certain places to avoid fire risk), silence (at least of Victrolas) during recitations and study-periods, and various regulations aimed to prevent a student's becoming a nuisance to the college authorities and to fellow-students. None of these are matters of life and death in themselves, but constant infraction after due warning show clearly that the transgressor is not adapted to community life, and there is only one possible remedy—expulsion. This sounds drastic, but as a matter of fact the sinner faced with the penalty usually reforms. Moreover, continued leniency on the part of the authorities inevitably results in the spread of carelessness and general demoralization.

In the second group, the outstanding violation of rules is cheating or cribbing in recitations, in written work, and in examinations. There is no means of knowing how widespread cheating is. Two members of the same class will differ absolutely in their estimates, one saying that half of the class is dishonest, another that he has never seen any evidences at all of dishonesty. The majority of the evidence, however, indicates that cheating is rarely altogether absent, and that in some classes of some institutions it is all but universal. Two feelings on the part of the student contribute to the evil, one the deep-rooted instinct of self-preservation, the other that examinations are a game in which the student opposes the instructor and uses every possible means to win.

The proper punishment for cheating depends more than has been generally supposed upon external circumstances.



If it is a first offense, if it was not deliberate (i. e., not planned beforehand but due to strong temptation at the moment), it is quite possible to show a student the iniquity of his sin and lead him to reform. On the other hand, if it is probable that the cheating has been long continued, if there is reason to believe that it is general in the class, or if the student fails to show sincere purpose of reform, the punishment must be drastic. Suspension for a long period is the most usual, but this has many disadvantages. Suspension too often takes the form of a vacation and so fails as a punishment. Moreover, return to normal standing in college makes the crime seem less heinous in the eyes of other students, and so it is more likely to spread. Incidentally, it never pays to bring charges of cheating which cannot be absolutely proved; if the student is innocent, it disturbs his trust in, and liking for, the teacher; if he is guilty, he is probably going to deny it, and if the charges are not proved, he and his fellows will begin to believe that they can "get away with anything."

Closely kin to cheating are lying to avoid punishment for various omissions or commissions, and common stealing. These are much less frequent than cheating and, due to the general abhorrence in which they are held, more likely to be punished by the students themselves. No one wishes to associate with a thief and a liar.

The third group of rules deals with the student's personal faults, that is, those faults which do not necessarily affect his classmates or the college authorities. These may be as minor as bad manners or as major as actual immorality. Certainly they include immorality, drunkenness, and gambling, sins often committed in company with fellow-students, to be sure, but depending essentially on the student's own weakness of character or background. Such delinquencies are very often difficult to discover. No teacher or college officer wishes to constitute himself a spy. Usually, however, a student who is gambling excessively, or drinking, or consorting with undesirable characters, will show that something is wrong by failure to prepare for his classes, by failure to keep his academic engagements, or by unusual sleepiness in class. A personal conference will, in such cases, almost always disclose the reasons. Once the cause is established, the student should be kept under close supervision and if he fails to reform, be dismissed. The man who drinks, gambles, and lives hard can too easily set a fashion, especially in a small college.

Finally there are what might be called the *mores* of a college, customs set up by the students themselves and rigidly adhered to. It may be that freshmen must wear monkey hats and that only seniors are privileged to go bareheaded, or that only juniors may sit on a certain fence. Whatever these customs, no one ever breaks them. Not that the college authorities would care, but that the offender would either be unmercifully ridiculed or else completely ostracized.

This ability of the students unfailingly to enforce their own rules has led many colleges to entrust to them the enforcement of all rules, under the so-called "Honor-

System" or "Student Self-Government." There is one obvious advantage in such a plan: the faculty is relieved of many unpleasant tasks. However, the faculty cannot be relieved of their responsibility, and too often student government has been made a blind for executive neglect. Moreover, there is a natural tendency on the part of the students to give themselves more and more liberty of every kind. They are young and want to have a good time, and the self-conceit of youth is such that it thinks it would certainly succeed in having a good time if it were in no way restricted. So the common function of Student Councils is to propose the abolishment of various rules and regulations.

It is to be doubted very much if in the actual enforcement of rules students ever are, or ever can be, really strict. The case of the *mores* is not duplicated here. In every instance, they are based upon privileges or distinction for the upper-classmen and power over their inferiors. Being one of many policemen certainly confers neither distinction nor privilege, and moral supervision of contemporaries is different from rule over lower-classmen. Not only do students not wish to spy on their fellows but they even look the other way when they come face to face with faults. They can never be expected to take offenses to the proper authorities, even if they be student authorities. Their only weapon is a public opinion rather difficult to arouse. Personal friendships also play a large part. A friend is most likely to notice the faults of a friend, and to the undergraduate mind to bring him to book would be unthinkable.

This does not mean that the students should have no hand in the enforcing of rules, but only that the enforcement should not be given over to them entirely. If the students, operating under complete self-government, fail to discover or, having discovered, fail to punish a transgressor, the faculty must take action. The result is to undermine whatever power the student-constituted authorities have and, because the faculty seems to be usurping authority, to arouse in the undergraduate body a feeling of opposition to their teachers. Such a feeling puts the whole question of obedience back on the traditional footing, teacher *vs.* student, a game in which defeat is marked by being caught. To avoid this attitude on the one hand and the laxness of complete student control on the other, it is necessary to bring the student opinion to the side of the authorities. This can be done by intelligent cooperation between the two bodies. If the students understand the desirability of a rule from the point of view of the common good, they are almost certain to abide by it. This understanding can be cultivated by encouraging them to make constructive criticisms and by acting on those criticisms or at least explaining fully why a given action is, or is not, taken. An able undergraduate or group of undergraduates, if encouraged by a fair consideration of their suggestions, will frequently sense a situation and propose steps to remedy it before any administrator is aware of its existence.

Finally, if student opinion is with the authorities, it

can be counted on to force general adherence to the rules either through personal criticism of offenders or by ostracism. It is important to realize that neither of these remedies calls for official action by either the student body or the college authorities. In other words, one student is not called upon to "tell on" another, and at the same time there is no infringement on the faculty's authority. Equally, if a member of the faculty discovers a transgression, the faculty, if it has not given the students complete power, can take action without disturbing any of the student-body's prerogatives. Such an adjustment of relations will allow students and faculty to work side by side, if not always together, for the common good of the college.

### Sociology

#### Social Cowardice

R. R. MACGREGOR

**O**FTEN we hear it said of a person in reference to his social attitude: "Oh, he is only a visionary." Of course, there must be one sense in which these words would be the greatest possible compliment and commendation. Vision, in the widest and best sense, is the intangible something that the great generality of men of the modern era need; ability to project their thought away from the ephemeral present, the lure of the immediate, to the horizon of the looming future; ability to rely on the knowledge of the presence of an Eternal Creator in order to piece together the mosaic of the future out of the scattered, badly fitting pieces of the past and the present; ability to foresee, to plan, to devise; and, hence, when the time comes, to do.

But, strange to say, this connotation of the term "visionary" is very different from that usually attached to the word in the colloquial phrase we often hear in extenuation or excuse of the haphazard, the ill-planned, the nebulous in modern endeavor. This secondary meaning of the word can unfortunately be too aptly applied to the thought and attitude of many, very many, to-day. I have been led to this judgment by consideration of the present vogue and status of socialistic tendencies in modern society. The Socialist is the coward of modern society. The strain of living has got on his nerves. The constantly shifting forces of what the French sociologist calls the *milieu* with all its interactions and interrelations has been too much for him. He cannot explain them; and, of course, he *must* explain them. Jung tells us that there are two mental types under strain, the extrovert and the introvert. Whether this be so or not, the Socialist has leanings seemingly towards the former. Intrigued and amazed by the teeming social forces around him, he seeks to flee from his own self-reliant individual life into the herd (as Trotter calls it) for help. His condition is the mark of mental and moral breakdown. The maggot of Socialism is in his brain. To justify his cowardly actions and attitude he sails under the doubtful banners of "brotherhood" and "solidarity of the race."

This is merely sentimental and visionary mush. What it really is is a stampede back to the animal herd out of which a powerful manhood has sprung. The idea destroys his will, his mind, his religion, and finally saps the moral fiber of his character. He is suffering from the greatest delusion that ever bewildered the mind of poet or sentimentalist, of a Shelley, of a Paine, of a Godwin, of a Mary Wollstonecraft.

This may be stating the case in terms of its latest absurdity. But the Socialist is not the citizen who is striving valiantly to go uphill; he has turned tail and struck the easy going on the down grade. Socialism takes the temper out of the steel fiber of character. It makes flabby men and weak citizens. It is the ear-mark of racial and social degeneracy. The man of letters who is poisoned by it never writes another line worth reading; the philanthropist bitten by it, from just, perhaps, a plain fool, develops into a madman; the preacher who tampers with it ends a materialist or an atheist; while the home-builder turns to divorce, to free-love or to roueism under its teachings. The brotherhood of man and the solidarity of the race can have such meaning only to a lunatic.

Then, again, the triumph of Socialism will mean the destruction of the monogamic family, simply because the head of the family is too cowardly to shoulder his burdens and too ignorant or too pig-headed to recognise an unfailing source of help in his troubles. What help will he get from his masters in his endeavor (however honest it may be) to carry on his family life as it was destined to be carried on? Let some of them speak for themselves. This from Fourier: "Monogamy and private property are the main characteristics of civilization. They are the breastworks behind which the army of the rich crouch and from which they sally to rob the poor. The individual family is the unit of all faulty societies divided by opposing interests." And then from William Morris: "Marriage under existing conditions is absurd. The family, about which so much twaddle is talked is hateful. A new development of the family will take place, as the basis not of a predetermined life-long business arrangement to be formally held to irrespective of conditions, but on mutual inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party." This is certainly a choice morsel from Socialistic literature. The terrible, and yet humorous, thing about it is that the majority of Socialists do not know what their own literature contains.

Here is the attitude of Grant Allen: "No man, indeed, is truly civilized till he can say in all sincerity to every woman of all the women he loves, to every woman of all the women who love him: 'Give me what you can of your love and yourself; but never strive for my sake to deny any love, to strangle any impulse that pants for breath within you. Give me what you can, while you can, without grudging, but the moment you feel you love me no more, don't do injustice to your own prospective children by giving them a father whom you no longer respect, or admire, or yearn for.' When men and women can both alike say this, the world will be



civilized. Until they can say it truly, the world will be, as now, a jarring battlefield of monopolist instincts." "Until they can say it truly." What a perversion of the truth! What a civilization!

All of these Socialist "prophets" and many others, portray, in my estimation, the relevancy of my thesis, that the Socialist is a social coward. I believe that biographical study will disclose the fact that their philosophy is the smoke-screen to their own previous lack of grit and character. It is self-explanatory camouflage.

And religion? The Socialist, being a coward, has no religion. Religion is the worship of a Superior Being, fear of His power (fear, not in the sense of cowardly fear), submission to His commands, inability to discuss theoretically and finitely the formulae of faith, the desire to spread the faith, and the habit of considering as wayward all who do not accept it. The coward submits blindly to nothing; he must see and explain everything; he has a terrible fear of the unseen, the supernatural. Consequently, he has written an interrogation point before every dogma. He has ceased to be a missionary, and has become a humanitarian. Socialists apologize for Hell simply because, as cowards, they cannot stand the thought or the odor of burning flesh. Their God is not a jealous God. He is an insubstantial shadow, a ghost; whom they placate in the same way as do the fetish-phallic and nature-worshippers of primitive and uncivilized peoples. There is this difference, however: whereas, the primitive peoples practise their form of religion in ignorance, the Socialist does so in craven fear; to get away from himself and his difficulties. He forgets that civilization and religion and morality are not means of evading difficulties and troubles, but of overcoming them.

### With Scrip and Staff

THE Pilgrim, like all mentors, likes to take to himself the delusion that when things go as he has suggested, they do so because of his suggestion. However, even if in this case *post hoc* has not been *propter hoc*, it really did seem to me that the hint given concerning the real celebration of Christmas, as the Birth of Christ, was carried out, whatever the actual cause. There seemed to be this year a more Catholic spirit and tone in Christmas celebrations. From mere personal experience, there was a very increased adoption in the Christmas cards of religious subjects, such as the Nativity and other kindred topics, and considerably less holly and candles. The newspapers (of course it was Sunday) wrote in almost every instance editorials of a religious character. The illustrated supplements bore reproductions of Old Masters and Nativity themes. On the radio the music was well-nigh universally the old Christmas hymns and "waits,"; the carols were chiefly the "Adeste," (both Latin and English), "Holy Night," "Noel," selections from the "Messiah," etc.

From Washington, D. C., over WJZ, by the great "Red Network" chain, there was sent out all over the country the sermon preached at the Midnight Mass by

Msgr. P. C. Gavan in the Shrine of the Sacred Heart in that city. Midnight Masses were also "radioed" from the Paulist station WLWL in New York, and from local stations in San Francisco, Louisville, Pittsburgh, Denver, Salt Lake City, Atlantic City, Portland, (Oregon) and Toronto.

Most notable of all there seemed to be a total absence of "Tiny Tim," "Scrooge," and all the rest of the Dickens' "Christmas Carol" apparatus (said with all due reverence) which in recent years seems to have been the sole stock-in-trade for many Christmas celebrations.

Will the Christian turn that things seem to have taken this time prove also merely a fad—or does it mean a permanent return to a truer conception of the Saviour's Feast? It depends entirely on one thing:—on whether men's minds return to faith in that great Mystery of the Incarnation without which even the great hymns of the Church, even the great paintings of the Masters, are without meaning. But if we Catholics foster this movement for the good, and through the Christmas symbolism seek to convey the knowledge of our central mysteries to the world that has so largely forgotten them, the Faith in time will return.

FOR it is through this symbolism, through Christian art and used in connection with more formal instruction and liturgy, that the Faith has been learned by the majority of Catholic people in the past. Without a knowledge of the Church's liturgy, without any familiarity with the Scriptures, the Catholic, however well-instructed otherwise, lacks the support of those means which the Holy Ghost Himself has inspired in order to remind us of the truths of our Faith, to warm our hearts and imaginations.

Yet if the Christian Doctrine period, already brief enough, is still more divided up, nothing will be done, in the very attempt to achieve everything. There must be some plan by which all these elements can be united. How many glorious lessons are lost, which could otherwise be drawn from the different seasons of the year!

This problem is met by Father Henry Borgmann, C.S.S.R., in his simple but ingenious method of Christian Doctrine called Libica, (LI-turgy, BI-ble, CA-techism), by which the lessons of the Faith are studied each year according to the various parts of the Church calendar. In Advent, for instance, the matters of the Faith, such as the Creation and the Promise of the Redeemer, are taken up that are appropriate to that season, and which are spoken or sung of so often during that time in the liturgy of the Church. In his "Libican Syllabus of Christian Doctrine," each part of the catechism is studied not only in its relation to the Church calendar as such, but also in connection with the liturgy and with the Scriptures or Bible. In this way the pupil is introduced directly, at first hand, to the Missal and to the Bible and, for further information, to that storehouse of learning, the "Catholic Encyclopedia," for which a practical system of references has been worked out. Instead of being a novelty, the plan really is an adaptation to modern

needs of the methods of our forefathers, who derived their knowledge and practice of the Faith straight from the sources. As Father Borgmann writes:

Let the Holy Books of our liturgy and those of the Bible be come once more the property of all the children of Mother Church. Then will Christian Doctrine flourish as it flourished in the days when people followed the liturgical rites and eagerly heard the Bible's message from the lips of the Church's minister.

The task, at first seemingly hopeless, will be found to make the Christian Doctrine Class most interesting and inspiring, both to teacher and pupil. Results will then prove that it is not an error to return to the paths and ways of our forefathers.

A better knowledge of liturgical books, as the Missal, and of the Bible, will be an improvement on the ever-growing usage of employing books of lesser caliber, devout and holy tho they be, yet lacking that sublime treatment and supernatural unction, which characterize the ancient books of Mother Church. Ordinary books by ordinary writers have crowded out the books of Mother Church. Libica would abandon the substitutes for the Sacred Books, namely, the Missal, the Bible and other liturgical Books. Thus and thus only will people come to understand the Divine Service as it was understood in the days when the use of liturgical books and of the Bible was yet common custom. Once the teachers themselves have adopted the principles here enunciated, it is an easy task to raise a generation which will flourish by the use of the Bible and of the liturgical Books.

Drilled in the observance of the Church year in all its parts, the young generation will have the advantage of following up their religious instruction all their lives, since every year the same course is followed by Mother Church. Feasts and fasts, seasons and tides will ever remind them of the lessons learned in their school days.

The use of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," of course, is particularly for higher classes. Father Borgmann lays stress on the fact that his method can be followed for many successive years, each year strengthening and developing the lesson of the former, yet always in harmony with the letter and the spirit of the ecclesiastical season. With the help of other manuals and methods the same matter may also be illustrated by Christian art, thus adding the powerful aid of visual instruction. Many may differ from the details of "Libica," for no two teachers will be apt to see quite alike, but the underlying idea is surely in accord with our growing understanding that we must fortify and enrich the faith of our Catholic people if it is to survive destructive influences. Father Borgmann's prospectus can be obtained from the "Catholic Encyclopedia," 19 Union Square West, New York City, and from the John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE petitions of Catholic bishops already numbering about one thousand, and of many thousands of priests and Religious, increase each year as they plead with the Holy See that the Church Unity Octave, from Jan. 18 to Jan. 25, may be made obligatory for the Faithful everywhere. Never before have the prayers of the Octave seemed so opportune as in the present year. The Lausanne Conference showed the desire for unity, obscured though it be by misconceptions, that exists outside the Church. Subsequent events have turned men's eyes to the unbroken unity of the true Church of Christ. Let us hope that this year's "Octave" may be the most fervent ever.

THE PILGRIM.

## Dramatics

### The Stage in Mid-Season

ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE Irish Players are here, bless them—here with their rich Irish brogue and their keen Irish wit and their sharp Irish tongues and their quick Irish fists and their brilliant Irish gifts of mimicry. Here, too, are the Irish audiences that gather to see them in the plays they have brought over, and here are the non-Irish spectators (poor things) who have gathered to see audiences and players lose their tempers and make an Irish holiday.

Thus far no blood has been shed—perhaps to the artless disappointment of all—but there is some hissing where too much stress is laid on unamiable Irish characteristics. When the noble traits of the Irish are shown everybody takes them calmly and acquiescently, as well they may. We all know the Irish are full of noble traits. Why certain members of the audience are displeased when it is hinted that a few of them also have faults is hard to understand. We do not get excited when we are shown American plays with American men and women revealing their imperfections. As for English plays revealing the faults of certain English types, we simply love them! So why—but enough of this. By the time these thoughtful words are in type the policemen who have been guarding the Hudson Theater and the Gallo Theater to prevent outbreaks in the audiences will be back on their beats with reminiscent grins on their lips and the memory of some fine acting in their hearts—and that is all there will be to that.

This being so, it may be admitted that the Irish Players were rather unfortunate in the choice of their first play for the New York season. Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars" is a powerful but depressing piece of work, and even the vigorous and humorous tongue-lashing that goes on between the two leading women characters, Bessie Burgess and Mrs. Gogan (superbly played by Sara Allgood and Maire O'Neill) is not enough to raise the spirits of the audience. But that audience sees a magnificent bit of acting in the death of Bessie Burgess; and the scene in which she folds an old shawl across her breast and goes forth to face British artillery in behalf of a suffering woman who needs a doctor is "one of those moments" on the stage. However, a play that offers us two violent deaths, one case of galloping consumption, and one case of insanity, does not quite fit into the gaiety of the Yuletide season. Neither does the Irish Players' next attraction, "Juno and the Paycock," which is equally powerful and equally depressing. What American audiences want from these brilliant artists, by way of variety at least, is some Celtic playwriting as sincere as O'Casey's, but with hope and beauty in it in addition to his strength and sincerity. Here is looking toward the day we get it.

Next to the Irish Players in importance and interest this month comes the Theater Guild's revival, at the Guild Theater, of Bernard Shaw's slow-moving and ex-



tremely chatty play, "The Doctor's Dilemma." Most of us are familiar with that work of Shaw's. It was given here about eighteen years ago, and was generally dismissed as an exhaustive and exhausting effort on the author's part to express his prejudice against doctors. He dislikes them, has no faith in them, and does not care who knows it. In the play, however, he throws away his case by grossly over-exaggerating it. Any one of the half-dozen doctors he shows us might be the incompetent nincompoop Shaw makes him. They cannot all be fools and hypocrites, and everyone knows it, for everyone knows skilled and honest doctors. So the audience yawns patiently through the endless speeches, or goes out into the lobby and blows smoke back into the auditorium, and waits for the one big scene of the production. It cheers up a trifle when Shaw gives himself a heartfelt tribute through the mouth of one of his own characters. That was the amusing moment in the original production years ago.

Then the big scene comes, that scene in which Alfred Lunt as Dubedat, artist, genius and rotter, dies in the arms of his wife, Lynn Fontanne; and the audience, thrilled and spellbound by the most perfect acting on our stage this season, forgets for all time its previous boredom. The memories of most play-goers hold certain deathless scenes. One recalls that moment, so long ago, in which, in "The Abyss," Nazimova crossed the floor of her sordid room on her first journey out into the life of the streets. Another remembers the scene where Eleanora Duse, as Santuzza, confides in the mother of her lover. A third play-goer will never forget that instant in which young Helen Hayes, in her first season, calls from the shadows to the disappearing father who has been only a mirage. Many of the spectators of "The Doctor's Dilemma" will hang the death scene of Dubedat beside their previous favorites. No art more perfect could come to us over the footlights. It almost makes one forget the superb macabre wedding dance of Hal Skelly in "Burlesque."

There are those who will say that Pauline Lord's work is as good in the last act of "Spell-bound," when as a condemned murderess she confronts across the narrow prison table the beloved father she is seeing for the last time on earth and yet may not approach or touch. Possibly it is as good. It did not seem so to this reviewer; and the sordid attraction of "Spell-bound," which is already off the boards, left me cold. So did "Coquette," in which Helen Hayes is appearing at the Maxine Elliott Theater, though the amazing little actress has never done more perfect work. But the play—admirably written (around lust, lies and suicide) and acted with genius—has the same effect as "Spell-bound." It sends one from the theater sick at heart.

"The Racket," written by Bartlett Cormack and produced at the Ambassador Theater by Alexander McKaig, is a somewhat ponderous police play around a big and thoughtfully handled theme—the difficulties of honest police officials who are "up against" a corrupt political ring. The scene is Chicago, and the general situation and

corruption are said to be true to life there. So are many of the details. (For example, when the *Chicago Tribune* reporter calls up his City Editor he gives the actual number of the telephone and the actual name of the editor.) When the author finally gets around to letting us know what the play is about, which he does not do up till the beginning of the second act, the drama becomes interesting. Moreover, it has a somewhat novel feature. In a cast of twenty characters only one is a woman, and she does not count. She is supposed to have a little love affair with the cub reporter, but nobody cares. We have not had such a thing in town since Henry Miller gave us "Pasteur." In that, however, the French playwright went the American one better. He kept even the one woman off the stage—supposedly in the next room. I do not want to alarm Mr. Cormack, but "Pasteur," which was a really great play, failed. Perhaps John Cromwell and Edward G. Robinson (both admirable) can save "The Racket."

"The Merry Malones" is a rollicking song-and-dance show, produced by the inimitable George M. Cohan at Erlanger's Theater and with the author himself heading the cast. He intimates at the end of the evening that he has found a star in a newcomer to the stage—Miss Polly Walker, who plays Molly Malone—and the audience agrees with him. But with Mr. Cohan himself in the cast, singing not quite so well as he used to but certainly dancing exactly as well or better, no one else is really needed. The whole show is capital and just the thing to take the young folk to during the winter holidays; but when all is said and done, the spectators merely sit and wait for Mr. Cohan to come out again. He is an Irishman in "The Merry Malones," and an altogether delightful and lovable one. Those loyal souls who are having their feelings hurt by the Irish Players can find immediate relief by going to see Cohan.

We are having an outbreak of Shakespeare. I have not seen Reinhardt's superb production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" because I was not able to contemplate the prospect of listening to it as given in German. Neither have I seen Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis in their modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew." I did, however, see the American Laboratory Theater's Players in "Much Ado about Nothing."

That, I suddenly realize, is why I missed the others!

#### DEPARTURE

The last goodbye was said, the last friend gone:  
Then, as the shimmering mist of sunset fell  
Over the city, I went out alone

To say farewell to London, and farewell  
To her dear river. To a million homes  
Surged by the happy crowds, nor marked me there  
Weeping while gazing on the towers and domes  
Wren poised so proudly in that tender air.

To these farewell! Farewell to Edward's shrine  
And Bentley's campanile! My adieu,  
My holy city!—yet no longer mine,  
Since now my exile must begin anew.  
Parting, I print your features on my brain,  
Mother, whose face I may not see again.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

## REVIEWS

**Along the Mission Trail. IV. In China. V. In Japan.** By BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D. Techny, Ill. Mission Press, S.V.D. \$2.00 each.

Previous volumes in this splendid travelog series were the fruits of the author's visits to the missionary fields of the Philippines, the East Indies and the further island regions of New Guinea and the South Seas. Those who enjoyed the various experiences they recounted and the peoples and countries of whom they spoke will find the present two books, the last in the projected series, equally interesting and informative. As for China, during the past year the civil war has brought the missions there much to the front. Though the Catholics have suffered in consequence of the chaotic condition, they still carry on and there was no permanent abandonment by the missionaries of their posts as happened in the case of most of the non-Catholic groups. But their needs and difficulties have increased. In his account as he passes from one to another of the missions Father Hagspiel tells of the heroic efforts of the priests, nuns and catechists to spread the Faith in China and to support and uphold their foundations. In the volume on Japan he does the same for that most progressive of the oriental countries. While his main interest as a traveler was in the missions of the Society of the Divine Word especially as sponsored from Techny, he was not indifferent to the work being done by other Orders and other nationalities. In this connection it is interesting to note that the *Chugai Nippo*, a Buddhist daily in Kyoto, thus recently appraised the international character of the Catholic Japanese Missions: "There are French missionaries of the Paris F.M.S. in Tokyo, Osaka, Nagasaki, Hokodate and Korea; Spanish Dominicans in Shikoku and Formosa; German Franciscans in Hokkaido; German Jesuits in Hiroshima; Canadian Franciscans in Kagoshima; Italian Salesians in Myasaki and Oita; German Fathers of the Divine Word (they should also have added American) in Niigata and Nagoya; German Benedictines in northeastern Korea; America Maryknollers in northwestern Korea and Spanish Jesuits in the South Sea Islands." Both the present volumes are not only interesting for the religious pictures they unfold in the Orient, but for the insight into the political and economical history of China and Japan which they include. Though there is a shadow across their pages they are a glorious record of mission achievement—edifying, consoling, inspiring.

W. F. C.

**Standing Room Only.** By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS. New York: The Century Company. \$3.00.

The author of this volume is obsessed with the fear that our world is on the way to over-population. To demonstrate this he marshals an array of statistics and graphs which, however, fail of convincing. Some of them are based on unwarranted assumptions. Besides, too many contingencies over which man has no control and which there is no accurate foreseeing may naturally be anticipated to upset the Doctors' calculations. The solution proposed for the impending catastrophe is Oriental immigration restriction and "adaptive fertility,"—an euphemism. By occupation a sociologist and educator,—at least he holds a professorship at the University of Wisconsin—the Doctor is neither ethicist nor logician. In philosophy he is a crass evolutionist; in theology, an anti-clerical. Indicative of his logical acumen we have three quotations in one chapter from St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Thomas respectively, apparently to prove that the Fathers insist that sexual indulgence is "in itself sinful," though not a single one of the texts, let alone the contexts, is to the point. Two of them, following St. Paul, merely proclaim the supremacy of virginity over matrimony; the third notes that "conception can only take place at the cost of virginity." Such faulty argumentation is the rule rather than the exception. To offset the philosophical proof that artificial birth control is a perversion of a natural function, hence innately wrong, Dr. Ross argues that if this position be taken then the removal of one's adenoids must

be condemned as "against nature." One wonders if the learned sociologist is unaware that he is using his terms in wholly distinct senses and neglecting to observe the distinction. Moreover, in removing diseased adenoids the physician does not go "against" any law of nature; indeed, they are all irresistible and invariable. At most he alters the conditions under which the law works. In artificial contraception a faculty given for the specific purpose, procreation, is used and yet that purpose positively excluded. It is this that constitutes its perversion and makes nature cry out against it. Dr. Ross's volume contains many fallacies and when it treats of the Catholic position regarding birth control, much misrepresentation. One hopes that no Catholic students at the University of Wisconsin are victims of his theories, which are both philosophically unsound and theologically vicious. W. I. L.

**The Tragic Bride.** By V. POLIAKOFF. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$3.00.

**The Catastrophe.** By ALEXANDER F. KERENSKY. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$3.00.

**The Church and the Russian Revolution.** By MATTHEW SPINKA. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

These three volumes treat of as many phases of recent Russian history. In a sense the first two supplement each other, Kerensky's story of the lurid beginnings of the Revolution almost starting just where the biography of the unfortunate Empress Alexandra ends. The significance of her life is that to a great extent this grand-daughter of Queen Victoria was the one who moulded the state policies of her ill-starred husband, Czar Nicholas II. Though there were some dramatic phases in her career before the last awful tragedy at Tobolsk, it is chiefly as the devoted wife and mother and the misguided dupe of such fanatics as the sinister Rasputin that she stands out. For all that, however, she was a woman of affairs better versed in statesmanship than her intellectually and volitionally weak spouse, but decidedly lacking in a knowledge of the people and of the country in whose dissolution she played a leading role. The last Empress of Russia will be remembered to be pitied rather than to be blamed. While he does not disguise her faults, V. Poliakoff writes of her sympathetically. As an historical document, however, his volume has not the importance of Kerensky's book, which is autobiographic. After the mutiny in the army and the dissolution of the Duma on March 12, 1917, he was at the head of the Provisional Government which was intended to bridge the gap between the old Czarist and the new regimes, and his story recounts his varied and stirring activities in that position until he was swept from power by the Bolsheviks and forced to seek an asylum outside of Russia. "The Catastrophe" is his apology for his own program and conduct. It is also a patriotic defense of the Russian people as a whole whom he would not have outsiders judge by the standards of their absolutist Bolshevik leaders. The narrative moves as rapidly and as graphically as the events with which it deals. Dr. Spinka's volume essays to present the vicissitudes of the Russian Church in recent times, especially subsequent to the Revolution. For those who would familiarize themselves with the contemporary status of the national church the book will be found both informative and interesting.

F. H. H.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**A Sheaf of Poets**—A further addition has been made to the collected works of Amy Lowell by the posthumous publication of "Ballads for Sale" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.25). It may be agreed that Miss Lowell, while she lived, exercised some influence in misdirecting our poetic trend; but this volume is such as to correct any erroneous ideas that Miss Lowell was a poet of much importance. There is little in it that might indicate genius, little that shows poetic vision. There are flashing phrases and some clever versatility; but it is marked strongly with Miss Lowell's besetting fault, a vulgarity that developed from her cynicism and unmorality. Several of the poems are in wretchedly



bad taste and others are evidences of profound ignorance of anything sacred. In quite a large measure, this is prose that is measured off with beats.

Decked out in gaily covered dresses, three more volumes of feminine verses have been added to the Contemporary Poets series issued by Dorrance and Co. of Philadelphia. There is not much to choose between the slim volumes, as all three are adequately skilful in technique and none rise high above the ordinary flow of inspiration. Gertrude Nason Carver, in "Outside Eden," allows her imagination to play her false in the first poem of her collection. "Pot-au-Feu," by Ethel Winger Doyle, contains some neat lyrics on the interminable theme of love. In "Kaleidoscope," Dorothy Avis Kellar, are some verses of an homelier nature that are more effective than those which aspire to a higher plane.

Henry Van Dyke has had issued what he calls an economy edition of his "Chosen Poems" (Scribner. \$1.00). Such a reprint as this is a fine charity for those who otherwise would hesitate to invest in a higher priced edition, even of Professor Van Dyke's simple and sincere lays. He has the faculty of clever rhyme and rhythm, the gift of merry melody, and above all an insight into the happier regions of the soul.

**Men of Letters.**—Scarcely a spark of human enthusiasm is struck off in the whole course of Melvin T. Solve's "Shelley. His Theory of Poetry" (University of Chicago Press. \$3.00), a small value, it may be remarked in passing, for the price. The treatise has the appearance of a doctoral effort, done in the manner of a book-indexer, or a mechanical codifier. That is the worst possible way to arrive at a solution of Shelley, least of all the poets. The author quotes Shelley's letters and writings, considers their contents most unhumorously and ponderously, and tries to explain their meanings and intents. Certain elements in Shelley's rebellion against religion and morality are well classified. But of interpretation of Shelley, there is little worthwhile in the volume. One lack in the treatise, it may be surmised, is the author's own vague notions of morality, idealism and the like.

Why is it that a Catholic treatment of the age of Chaucer does not find a place among the new books? While Robert D. French's "A Chaucer Handbook" (Crofts. \$2.00) is a very fine thing to have at hand while studying the recorder of the Canterbury pilgrimage, the picture of contemporary life and many of the interpretations of Chaucer's characters are far from desirable opinions. He has made the mistake of calling Chaucer a satirist in drawing his pictures of the Pardoner, the Summour, the Friar, considering them representative churchmen of the time, gloating about the ills then rampant in the Church, pointing too often to the work of the Lollards and Wyclif, and forgetting altogether the wonderful picture of the Parson which Chaucer drew. Mr. French was unable to see that Chaucer was reviling the wrong practices and abuses of the three first-named; he prefers to see him as attacking the Church.

Those of us who, not very long ago, would anxiously await each new book of Canon Sheehan with joy, are somewhat chagrined at the fact that he is so quickly being forgotten. His stories of Irish life and his penetrating and delicate essays are well worthy of perpetuation. Rev. Francis Boyle, C.C. has published his "Canon Sheehan: A Sketch of His Life and Works" (Kenedy. \$1.00), as an effort to arouse interest in the writings of the creator of "Geoffrey Austin," "My New Curate," "Luke Delmege," "Glenanaar," "The Graves at Kilmorna" and the other notable romances. Father Boyle has not attempted to compose a pretentious biography nor a completely detailed one. But he has outlined the main features of Canon Sheehan's life and efforts, and has given something of the setting in which the books were written. This small volume might be useful as an introduction to the chapters on Canon Sheehan by his life-long friend, Father Phelan, S.J., and especially to the biography, "Canon Sheehan of Doneraile," by Dr. Heuser, the real discoverer and benefactor of Canon Sheehan.

**The Secret of Father Brown. Tyrer's Lass. Larks Creek. Vanishing Men. Impatient Griselda.**

Chesterton makes somewhat of a departure in his latest volume, "The Secret of Father Brown" (Harper. \$2.50). That is to say he more patently preaches from a text than has hitherto been his custom in the Father Brown series. This does not mean that the present one of the series is a dogmatic novel or any more religious than Chesterton usually is; it only signifies that there is more Chesterton and less Father Brown. Gilbert Keith pictures his dumpy little British clergyman as just as much of a detective but more of a philosopher than heretofore. That is to say, we think that he has done this. Or in other words, this review is proof in itself that it is impossible to criticise Chesterton. One may not agree with all his views and one may raise issue with him on this score; but it is impossible to quarrel either with his technique or with his execution.

There is strength of character in every inch of Rose Tyrer, the heroine in "Tyrer's Lass" (Herder. \$2.00), a delightful Catholic novel that M. E. Francis and Agnes Blundell have collaborated on. The premature death of her grandfather, who had raised Rose since she was orphaned in early childhood, left her mistress of the great Lancashire cotton mills long associated with his name. It left her also, however, a depleted treasury, the result of his heavy losses in speculation and the defection of his business partner, and the heiress of the keen and revengeful competition which old George Royston had waged against Martin Tyrer. How, aided by Stephen Ansell, her loyal manager, she rises superior to her problems and not only weathers the storm but finds faith and romance in her struggle, makes interesting reading. The story is seasoned with some telling sociological and religious truths and more than one very pleasant surprise.

A militant Catholic group and a small town minister's family are the protagonists in the conflict that makes the content of "Larks Creek" (Pustet. \$1.75), by Virgil B. Fairman. The author, however, is apparently more intent on teaching religion than telling a story and much religious controversy enters into the chapters. The characters are wholesome but, except for Dr. Hackett and his hardened spouse, almost too good to be real. This is especially true of the Redfinch sisters who play so important a part in the career of Ruth Hackett and her romance with their brother George. However, the book may be read with pleasure and profit, though in some of its episodes it lacks naturalness.

"Vanishing Men" (Morrow. \$2.00), by G. McLeod Winsor, is rather above the ordinary run of mystery, or are they detective stories? It has the rather unique idea of describing a police officer with a keen mind and with (not so original) a detestable personality. The story of itself is interesting and has its leading character dabbling, and pretty tall dabbling it is, too, in a horrible branch of science through which he discovers a secret, enabling him to do away with his "dislikes" in an unpleasantly gruesome and thoroughly untraceable fashion. The author luckily does not disclose the formula. "Vanishing Men" makes good and often successfully uncomfortable reading. Its human interest is sometimes reminiscent of Farnol, which is high praise for a detective yarn.

Dorothy Scarborough writes with a great deal of power and with an almost equal engrossment. Certainly, her "Impatient Griselda" (Harper. \$2.50) is a very searching study, strong reading and yet, not very elevating or happy reading. It is an etching of selfishness and though it never condones that quality it reproduces it faithfully and the picture is not very pleasing to the eye. The whole tone of the book is fatalistic. It stresses the repetition of the mistakes of the parents in the children; and while this may be true in a certain degree, still, Miss Scarborough seems to leave no room for hope or for improvement. Favoritism in the family is undeniable and it is very rarely that it does not happen in some wise or another. But stressed, as the present author stresses it, it becomes ugly and depressing. With the exception of a single passage "The Impatient Griselda" is thoroughly proper reading but withal dark and not much as a relaxation.

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed five hundred words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### Welcome the R. T. A.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The letter of Mary O'M. Timmons, appearing in AMERICA, October 8, 1927, is interesting. It concerned the organized methods of Christian Scientists, whereby their literature uses channels of distribution such as hotel, railroad, and department-store reading rooms. Why cannot the Church follow a plan being carried out in many parishes? The idea is to have every church place a pamphlet rack in a conspicuous, well-lighted place, appointing someone to look after this rack, to see it is kept well filled with pamphlets, replenished frequently with literature bearing upon the liturgical seasons, the feasts of the current and the following month, parish events, and topics under discussion in the newspapers. The price of each pamphlet can be shown on the compartment containing them and deposits can be placed in a coin box placed for this purpose. Announcements can be made often from the pulpit by the pastor, calling attention to this rack.

Many times Catholics are asked questions concerning their religion; in the office, shop, or home. Non-Catholics do not understand the meaning of the Mass, Confession, Indulgences, the real truth of the Spanish Inquisition, etc., etc. They will ask a Catholic friend and he is up against it. How often a good sensible explanation would help to awaken in a questioner's mind other difficulties felt with regard to Catholic practices, usages, ceremonies, etc., or remove certain doubts.

The Paulist Fathers have long recognized the power of the press. The founder, the late Father Isaac Hecker, himself a convert, was a pioneer in the printing and publishing field. The *Catholic World*, leaflets, and booklets for years have been means of enabling good sensible reading to reach many.

An organization called the Rack-Tenders' Association (R.T.A.) has lately been formed, composed of a number of lay people, men and women, the immediate aim being to secure wide distribution of pamphlets on Catholic faith and practice through book racks in churches and suitable places. Information can be readily secured by pastors and others interested by sending name and address to the Secretary, R.T.A., Paulist League, 411 West Fifty-ninth Street, N. Y.

New York.

WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGIVNEY.

[The Catholic Truth Society, the *Sunday Visitor*, and (not to be accused of excessive modesty) the America Press might also be named among the publishers of useful pamphlets. There are others, too numerous to mention.—Ed. AMERICA.]

### Consistency in Catholic Journalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My attention was recently called to an editorial paragraph in a prominent English Catholic journal, dealing summarily with a play on the London stage. This was the conclusion of the editor in dismissing what he exposed as a nauseous concoction: "We do not usually give this kind of thing the advertisement of an attack. But there can be no harm in this case, for what we have printed can only serve to keep decent-minded persons, Catholics or non-Catholics, away."

If one wondered why, in the case of this particular play, the editorial policy of an influential Catholic journal was abandoned, the answer was given by the editor in this sentence: "Our dramatic critic estimated in another column the merits of the production, if such there be, from the artistic point of view."

On turning to another page it was evident that, if the dramatic critic did not damn the play with even faint praise, he gave at least no intimation that it deserved the severe censure of the editor. True, the play was declared to be "almost worthless" but there were compensating merits. There was an "effective"

trial scene, there was "moderately good dialogue and characterization,"—and so on. Thus what was exposed as a foul mess on the editorial page was tolerantly and complacently reviewed in the dramatic column. Surely, the editorial warning was needed.

There would seem to be a problem here applying to Catholic journalism generally. This question may suggest itself as worth the consideration of the contributors to your page of "Communications": *How pervasive in all its departments should be the distinctively Catholic spirit of a Catholic journal?*

Brooklyn.

ALFRED YOUNG.

### "The Exterior Call"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The Exterior Call" by Ronald Knox in AMERICA for December 17, 1927, relates many examples of the mysterious variation in messages transmitted by the same words to different people. Thomas à Kempis puts on the lips of Our Lord the explanation of this phenomenon. What habitual reader of "The Imitation of Christ" has not been puzzled at the apparent fickleness of its words, or charged himself with dull attention on previous perusals, never suspecting the Living Author of revealing ever new messages along its dead lines—until he read chapter XLIII of Book III. I quote: "The voice of books is indeed one, but it teacheth not all men alike, for I am the inward Teacher of Truth. I am the Teacher of the heart, the Discerner of thought, the Mover of actions, distributing to every man as I judge meet."

Milwaukee.

J. R. DUNDON, M.D.

### Using the Missal

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Interest in the liturgical restoration continues to grow. *Orate Fratres*, in the December issue, states that over 10,000 copies of the "St. Andrew's Daily Missal" were sold during the first nine months of 1927.

We may be assured that of the 10,000 people who purchased this splendid missal, most of them are using it. For when the laity become interested enough to buy missals, they will begin using them, and after having used them for a few Sundays they will not lay them aside. And hence we have more apostles in the work of "restoring all things in Christ."

The Liturgical Revival is a vast work and the use of the missal is but one phase of it. Those who have at heart the desire for the spread of things liturgical may now look up, for now our redemption is at hand.

Boys' choirs singing plain chant are gradually but surely displacing the high-g geared soprano. Congregational singing at Vespers and Benediction is making notable progress. The Catholic press is giving more and more space to liturgical subjects, awakening in great numbers the desire to become attuned to the soul and mind of the Church. The young are catching the spirit of the restoration, due to the instructions of zealous pastors and Sisters.

Again I repeat, we may look up, for now our redemption is at hand.

Des Moines.

ORVILLE L. BINKERD.

### Brownson on Lowell

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Sister M. Eleanore, C.S.C., writes in the issue of December 17: "And I thank Lowell, too, for rebuking those who give only worthless gold because they give from a sense of duty and not from love. Truly one can cull some lovely Catholic flowers, etc."

Orestes A. Brownson, however, did not find this idea a Catholic flower at all but a bad weed. His penetrating essay on the "Vision of Sir Launfal" is, perhaps, logic too hard upon an apparently lovely poem, but the criticism is tonic and masterful, and incidentally stirs lament that our Catholic publishers have neglected to make his various kinds of writing conveniently available.

Pittsburgh.

ELMER KENYON.